

# CAVALCADE

August 14<sup>th</sup>



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**BURIED ALIVE**

— Page 16

*Beware of Amateur Hypnotism*

— Page 60



For Quality Suits  
**Crusader Cloth** GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK



# Cavalcade

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# New terrors for TOTAL WAR

MAX HORN



A grim vision that has marked it  
advice against Clark in global strife.

This article is dedicated to the people everywhere that—all other things being equal—when you're dead, you can't be any deader; it's how soon you die which counts.

Yet, for some unaccountable reason, men throughout history have devoted a large portion of their energy and ingenuity to devising more and more

expeditious means of eliminating themselves from the face of the earth. Until modern times, however, their efforts have been more or less banding . . . they have had to be content to count their corpses in thousands rather than in tens of thousands . . . and their chosen bodies have been reserved for the military bureaucracy

on the theory that those unfortunate, having got themselves into the mess with their eyes open, are receiving no more than they deserve.

But with the 20th Century, all that was changed. World War I spread viruses of mass destruction which World War II conveniently explored thoroughly—even with the Atom Bomb—(presumably). From all the evidence, a World War III could add the finishing touches to all mankind. Hitler developed the theory of Total War in which he said, "Women & child would be immune from destruction; it was only lack of men which prevented him from putting his theories fully into practice. Now it seems that the nerves are reliable.

Already two U.S. disease experts—Dr. Paul Auerhahn and Dr. Joseph G. Eberthine—have warned the American Medical Association of new weapons, "bombs which the Adolphs would look like a child's display of fireworks."

The pair were speaking at the terrible BW . . . biological for ground warfare,

"In the event of World War III," the experts declare, "BW is likely to be used and there is little doubt that it will be effective."

A glimpse of what the world nation to mankind should be sufficient.

The weapons of BW may be divided into three classes: (1) gases; (2) nerves and other poison gases; and (3) radioactive particles.

Study the "sober" picture first. Though the subject is still more hush-hush than atomic energy, a few facts have trickled through. Dr. Theodore Roszary, associate professor of bacteriology at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, in his book, "Principles or Pathology," has suggested some terrible germs.

There is, for example, the botulism toxin, "so deadly a poison that an ounce could kill 500,000 horses." One gram (about a thimbleful of an ounce) of streptococcus virus could produce one death in 100,000,000 people.

Tuberculosis, too, would be a killer almost equal to botulism.

However, the more we Dr. Roszary fears most is the influenza or "pandemic" virus. An ordinary, run-of-the-laboratory preparation would contain enough virus in one quart to infect more than 1,000,000,000 people—or about three times the total population of the earth. Moreover, says Dr. Roszary, pneumonia is a self-perpetuating disease; it grows and multiplies in every person infected. Obviously, possibilities are bizarre.

And Dr. Roszary does not presume such germs being used to pollute water and food supplies, cafeterias or restaurants or the air in theaters and public buildings that would event rapidly as sabotage; he foresees the germs being released into a drafting shed, so that every exposed animal could be infected and killed."

Now for research in the direction his program is not certain, but Dr. Roszary claims that success is both possible and probable. Small, male clouds of mites, he points out, have already been produced at camp Detrick (U.S.).

What defenses exist against the horrors are obscure. "Defenses are probably weak," states Dr. Roszary. "Partly voluntary," reports the U.S. Federal Civil Defense Administration. "No danger of any except small-scale epidemics that could be located and controlled," insists Dr. Joseph Brandt, of the U.S. Army Medical School. Only practical experience can prove the point.

But there is, at least, one clean

of gases. Man has been waging poison gas for thousands of years; with varieties, antibiotics and other drugs, he has lately been on the winning side of the war; if he further reinforces and strengthens existing health agencies, he may comparatively easily endow man with some reasonably guarded escape.

So much for gases—what of nerve gases? Here the picture seems even less promising.

According to Colonel John S. Wood, Army 1955 chief of the medical division of the U.S. Army Chemical Centre, three nerve gases are more poisonous than any previously known war gases. They are nearly odorless and colourless; they are swift, death comes within a few seconds if they are inhaled at sufficiently high concentration; and even a few drops in liquid form, if接触ed on the skin at sufficiently concentrated form, are equally fatal.

The gases act by blocking a vital body chemical reaction and allowing excessive accumulation of another body chemical, "acetylcholine" at the junctions between the ends of nerves and the muscles they stimulate. The results are terrible—spasms, headache, inability to breathe, convulsions and then death.

Those of their victims whom the gases do not assassinate, they paralyze. Used against an army or a population they would quickly pile the wall for anything else to fight.

How widespread would be their effects cannot, of course, be demonstrated. Any secret trials would have to be made on people—not just a few human volunteers, but men, women and children going to their work and play, or on an encampment of troops

or workers in some large industrial project. Which would, it goes without saying, be out of the question in a democracy. In Soviet Russia alone it might perhaps be possible to stage a trial on prisoners in some closely guarded camp in Siberia.

But, even if this were so, the Iron Curtain hides its secrets. All that is known is that, at present, one of these gases—"parathion"—is being used as an insect killer in America and has proved so devastating that the workers have been blithely warned "To wear gas masks or the "fumes have already died."

The only antidote so far revealed is atropine . . . and even that is precious, as huge doses must be used and the remedy might be as fatal as the disease.

To strike nations, women, there is at least one nerve gas . . . "Gaseous" (so far known by its secret war name of "1955") . . . against which no antidote seems yet to have been discovered . . . even Professor R. A. Paton, of Oxford University (who beat the disastrous British gas, "Irrinex") having failed.

Moreover, science too is fragile. The two alternatives to gas might be (1) gas masks and rubber clothing for everybody, (2) provide all features as real shelters with filters (chlorine or ammonia). British science advised to try to keep the air pure.

Under the circumstances, there seems no doubt that air barriers could hold a nation at their mercy.

And yet there remains the word of all: It is the Hydrogen Bomb.

The grim potentialities of the weapon . . . the possibility of the earth's atmosphere being saturated with vast clouds of radioactivity . . . have never been earned it its significant nickname of "The Hell Bomb."

From the "Hell Bomb" there ap-

pears to be no refuge. And the bomb's most dangerous effect, from the viewpoint of the entire human race, lies in the variable radio-active dust it might be used to produce.

These dusts, blown by the atmosphere, would drift about the earth, gradually settling everywhere. Death would fall,随时随地 and randomly, with them. The nucleus would kill on streets, on roads, on lawns and by being inhaled when carried up by the breeze. A person who kept up his normal round of life could receive a deadly dose of radiation before he could suspect he was endangered.

At Los Alamos, peace nuclear physicists of Chicago University, has announced:

"By its blast an H-bomb would disperse perhaps 500 square miles.

"Five hundred H-bombs could disperse 250,000 square miles by blast."

In addition, these 250 bombs could create enough radio-active dust to wipe out all human life on earth.

Hiroshima Brown, of the U.S. Peace Nuclear Project, has put it another way:

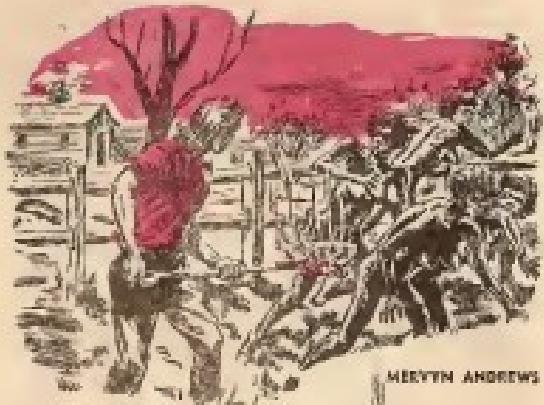
"A series of hydrogen bomb explosions carried along a north-south

axis at about the longitude of Prague could produce radiation which, carried sideways by the winds, would destroy all human life within a ring 1,000 miles wide, extending from Leningrad to Odessa, and 1,000 miles deep, extending from Prague to the Ural Mountains. The United States could be attacked in a similar manner. Hydrogen bomb explosions could be set off on a north-south line in the Pacific approximately 1,000 miles west of California. The radio-active dust would reach California in about a day, and New York in four or five days, killing most life as it traversed the continent."

There is the measure of the terrible menace of atomic dust as a weapon threatening not single cities, but whole countries and—ultimately—all life on earth.

And, if war is to be Total, that is the possibility mankind must face. As no less a authority than Franklin Albert Beaufort has said: "The H-Bomb appears on the public horizon as an irresistible god . . . Radio-active poisonings of the atmosphere, and hence annihilation of all earthly life, has been brought within the range of technical possibilities."





## WICHITA ANDREWS

# *The Casual Prodigal*

A sixteen-year-old boy was riding home . . . after six of the weirdest years a boy ever lived.

JACKY McGUIGE made a good stock horse, a mare that was part of a trade he had made for 20 head on Carrasquibally Station.

At Egg Plains, a thriving cattle market, Jacky had received \$8 a head for 20 bullocks; he had one hundred and twenty awaiting his pack.

His clothes were stained with travel, for he had followed a band of two hundred bullocki, including his own master, for two hundred and forty

under, covered in 14 days. It was not fitting comment for Springfield Town Deafy stepped down at Pennsylvania in front of an audience's stage.

This was in the year 1848; McGowan was 16 years of age. He was a swelling returning home after six months. He had run away from home at the age of ten. Not used to send

Like many another native-born Colonel of the 1800's, Jacky was the son of a convict, one Christopher McGuire, an Irishman transported for

seven years in 1871. After four years as an engaged servant and three as usher-at-leaves, Christopher had obtained a grant of 40 acres of land at the present site of Rockwood. His arrival in 1878—the daughter of an octogenarian.

In 1922, McGuire, senior, sold his home to purchase the Blue Bell Inn on Kent Street, Sydney, but he developed an over-confidence in his own worth; he walked out of the hotel premises three years later. He rented a cottage on the Riley Point (Wood-Island), where his children (including the youngest, Jacky) had all the pleasures of the Sydney tribe of characters as playmates.

A propensity for getting into mischief brought as many punishments to Jusky that, at last, he resolved by running away. He set out westward along the Pennsylvania Road, but, unlike most juvenile runaways, he did not turn back at midstream. The Blue Mountains were a barrier that he crossed.

Chishang Lapstone H.R. Jacky tallied behind a half-ton wagon and managed to persuade the driver to feed him in return for services as adviser. He stayed with the teamster on journeys east—Macabang, Batur, areas where Forbes gave clinics

The twenty-old boy was taking up as a cowboy hat, after a month, went to an oil-station. Carewabuddy. He became a bus-shopper to the oilmen, stackmen there, ex-convert Jim Leach. After a fortnight, Leach rode away from the post, he did not return.

For a week Jacky kept a lonely vigil. Then one morning he shapened a black cane smacking towards the boy. The boy had no fear of bludgeons; he ducked, the cane hit down his spear and approached. Men and boys conversed in sign language.

McGraw presented his visitor with a case of Louis's tobacco and invited him to kill a bullock. The native stepped away to gather his fellow tribesmen, who, on return, the frontier magistrate shot a bullock.

A fortnight's stay by the lakes was interrupted by the arrival of my relative Young McGraw impressed with the youthful bluster. When he departed, he shed his shirtless and passed the mooch. He was running away again—far from civilization . . .

One hundred miles down the Lachish all the tribes of the Kenny gathered at Mount Yithha, a sacred place where the great god Barmar Barres was worshipped by ancestors, dead and dead.

After the coronation the tribes dispersed. Jacky went with his adopted sister.

Camped for a day with the  
Apache on the wild white bay,  
Guarded his tribal secrets and the  
center of tribal love.

At the end of three years, however, Deeky McGhee was the complete showman, now for the lighter sake of his skin. By that time the largest of the breeding grounds had been completed, the wife arrived once more at Commonwealth.

Instead of the isolated, old house the visitors found a busy, comfortable and a little dairy herd. A number of neighbors and shareholders were represented by Mr. and Mrs. Andy Sheehan. While the horses stood around in a nervous group, snorting restlessly at the house, Sheehan, holding his hat in hand, rode up to order them away. He stared in surprise at today.

"Are you a blackthorn?" he asked.

"We are leaders boy," Jacky said.

### LAMENT

Stiff are the warrior's  
muscles, cramped flesh'll  
has chills.  
No more in hostile battles will  
he score his lots.  
Dry is his ardour, a vein  
no longer beats  
And the community turns  
upon the warrior hands,  
Covered up the warrior's breast  
is all shattered, too, his  
heart.  
Still is his epiglottis, the  
warrior is dead.  
—Composed by an aspiring  
student of a surgeon.

screamed. "We have stopped Sydney."

Sheahan did not doubt the evidence of his eyes. Jacky McGlenn, now aged 18, was recovered back from the wilds and into an outfit of civilization as represented by a Leichhardt sheep farm. Dressed in borrowed clothing, he watched his tribal brothers-by-adoption depart.

During the two years that McGlenn worked at a cow舍, he accumulated \$8 dollars. Payment in kind (indeed) was the normal wage reward among Leichhardt squatters, for such was native or semi unknown on the outback. The employees' "wages" grinded with the station stock. When an ambitious man considered that he had sufficient cattle of his own, he mustered and drove his herd into the bush until it found desirable, unoccupied country in which to start a station of his own.

Promised to assist chumsmen, McGlenn had worked for six months when thus brought his adopted tribe back to Cunnamulla. Their arrival was to spell trouble for their pale-skinned brother.

While giving hand-outs of mutton, McGlenn found his former playmates becoming importunate. He refused to give more milk without the permission of Mrs. Sheahan. The tribemen returned to their camp; but a day, Big Marn (with a dozen others), went to the house. Squatting before the fire, she refused to budge. Mrs. Sheahan called on Jacky for help. Jacky, familiar with the black men's method of dealing with his non-white neighbours, threw a handful of hot ashes over the stubborn girl. They retreated in pain.

The other girls blamed Big Marn. They rounded on her, stamping her mindly until her husband stepped in, shouting indomitably at his subjects. This brought other husbands into the fray, in a few seconds the fight was general.

Though no fatalities resulted, the tribal aborigines held a native inquiry into the fracas. Their verdict McGlenn, renegade from his adopted tribe, was the cause of the terrible. The sentence (transmuted to Jacky by messenger): Expulsion from the tribe, and death at the first opportunity.

Jacky McGlenn knew enough of his former adopted kinship to realize that he would die if he remained at Cunnamulla. At any time any bush, tree, or boulder within sight might hide an executioner. Any minute of the day might bring a flight of deadly spears from lurking tribesmen.

McGlenn decided to leave the station. A mob of two hundred bullocks was about to start east in charge of the owner and another man. Jacky traded his 30 leaders for 30 bullocks and a good mare . . . and he rode away to help in the driving.

The drivers maintained a creditable

pace along a day. But even that seemed treacherously slow to Jacky McGlenn. The whirr of a bird's wings seemed unusually suggestive; he glanced apprehensively looking at frequent intervals, and he scanned every tree and patch of scrub ahead, looking for lurking blackmen. For a week Jacky's spine tingled.

No spear came. He reached Sydney Town. "Who you all right, Man?" were his first words.

Yet the call of the west was to prove stronger to McGlenn than the lure of Sydney Town or the lure of family. Though his first inclination to the Leichhardt was adventure extraordinary to a young boy, his later life in the same locality was packed with drama.

In the final of 1881, Jacky did outstanding work with a herd some of his own making, his life with the blacks having given him the necessary skill both to manufacture and to operate such a herd east in treacherous water—the Leichhardt was 20 miles wide in its lower reaches.

During the following year, John

Welsh, driven by the need to seek safer country, drove his stock beyond the Weddin Mountains. Jacky McGlenn joined him to marry Welsh's eldest daughter, Nellie.

The Weddin Mountains were the haunt of bushrangers and cattle盗匪. Most of Gardner's crew and of Ben Hall's gang were close friends of Welsh and McGlenn. Of Jacky's two sisters-in-law, Nellie married (and later deserted) Ben Hall of bushranger fame; Kate, married to a man named Brown, played with Frank Gardner, sometimes called "King of the Road."

Jacky, himself, was created for completeness in the Empress Gold Escort Robbery, one of the most sensational bushranging coups ever perpetrated in Australia. He was in custody for nine months before he was finally acquitted at the second trial. His long absence and the expense of the trial had ruined him financially, so he realized what he could for his Weddin Station and left for James to make a new start. He died in April, 1931, at the age of 81.



# What makes you faint?



Don't smear when a possey throws a digger; strong men do the same

A PAINTING spell is not necessarily a sign of illness. In most cases it looks much more alarming than it is. For example, a student nurse hardly guesses he has had sight of an operation, and never gets to see that one at all. As soon as the last blood soot from the incision, she slides to the floor.

While it's usually healthy person feels, it's usually due either to a first-time emotional experience that involves surprise or fear—bad news or a shocking sight—or some event

leading to acute bodily discomfort. Doctors say that everybody is destined to faint once or twice in a lifetime without needing to worry about it. Fainting that occurs often, however, is a sign of physical illness or emotional maladjustment.

Fainting occurs as an occasional response among normally healthy individuals who are faced with overwhelming danger with which they cannot cope, or it may be the result of fear that the person cannot admit he feels.

Such years ago, fainting was fashionable. When a lady's hemline was pulled a rebuke, it contained a will at meeting until—say the fashionable woman expected to meet it.

The sixteenth-century ladies, in fact as in fiction, fainted madly and often at the sight of a mouse or a rat. Before the war, though, however, the ladies made sure of falling into a pair of strong and willing arms.

Modern medicine seems to be of the opinion that there were more than nerves in the lady. Not only can emotions cause us to faint, but emotional激动 is more likely to come when there are other people around.

But fainting is by no means an exclusively female reaction. Statistics show that men faint almost as much as women do.

During the war, Red Cross workers in blood-donor centers found out a great deal about who faints and why.

By never taking more than a pint of blood at a time, and that way from donors whose blood count showed that they could well afford to spare it, blood loss was practically eliminated as a cause of donor fainting. Yet, in spite of this protection, about 5 per cent of donors fainted before, during or after the needle was inserted into their veins.

This 5 per cent was equally divided among men and women. Most of them were under thirty, and they were the best people in the world you would expect to faint.

Middle-aged men and women who showed a normal amount of concern the first time they had a venipuncture would, ordinarily, be no trouble at all. But a bony six-footer or a gawky young girl who acted especially nonchalant about the whole thing was likely to need some assistance.

This was particularly true of persons who came to a blood-donor center with a group of friends and were anxious to get in good form.

This connection between emotional tuning and getting up a healthy act before others because of apparent in certain blood centers that doctors made a point of separating donors who came together.

Besides fainting of this kind is not serious, there has been no widespread research to find out why some dangers reacted so disastrously, or why most of them were young and healthy and not the nervous type. Several psychologists have offered an explanation that is interesting, although it is only a theory. Spruced up physiologically, the explanation is that

A certain amount of fear of the unknown is perfectly normal. Everybody knows how peculiarly the pulse, the pit of the stomach and the legs behave during excitement or fright. Psychologists think that all these sensations are actually preparing the body to run away from whatever is threatening. The pulse beats faster, the blood runs to the legs, the whole body is alerted and working at top speed. We believe much the way a cat does when it sees an unfriendly dog — we're arched and ready to spring.

But evidently, we can't get away. We can't run away from the operating table or bad news or a hypodermic needle or much of the unpleasantness of life. So if we're like most people, we just stay put and feel uncomfortable, while the excited body slows down.

The pulse beats because less frequently, the blood pressure drops, the blood runs from the legs and leaves them limp, and we feel weak all over.

**INDIGNATO OH SOMETHING!** The plane came swooping in to the airport, the steps were set, passengers began to pour out, the little crowd at the ramp began to stir restlessly. At long last (and very breathy) appeared Ray Milland, clad in the full regalia of white tie and tails, courteous demeanour and an air of "Is this what the high-dressed men wear?" . . . plus bedroom slippers and a passing hat. "Not a word of that!" snarled a female voice disapprovingly. "Just have funnies can you get?" Milland eyed the departing rear-elevators of two indument-looking curtains and blushed. They didn't wait for him to explain that half hour during a broadcast and hadn't had time to change before he caught the plane.

—From "Photoplay," the world's greatest motion picture magazine.

As there are degrees of fear, there are also corresponding degrees of squeezing up and letting down. The greater the terror, the more violently the body reacts to it. It makes no difference whether the danger creates the terror at rail or canopy.

Faked dances, who-faint, or persons who faint in any emotional situation, have an exaggerated fear combined with a psychological need to conceal the fact that they are afraid at all. Fainting is actually an unconscious substitute for death when flight is impossible.

The reason an ordinary faint looks just like the reaction of a seriously ill person is that, by and large, the body behaves in much the same way to severe unconsciousness. Fainting, or syncope (the medical term for it), is due to a sudden lack of blood supply to the brain, what doctors call a cerebral seizure. Cerebral seizures can be produced by any major or minor physical or mental stimulus to the vagus nerve, which carries impulses to the vital centers of the body.

The vagus nerve runs all the way from the brain, through the neck, to the heart and the abdomen. The part of the neck through which it passes is called the cervical spine. When the cervical spine is behaving properly, we don't even know it's there. But there are unfortunate people born, mostly whose cervical spine is so sensitive that the slightest neck friction can cause them to faint.

Some men faint when they shave in that area. The pressure of the razor is more than they can bear. One case history is that of a young doctor who never fainted until he bought an automobile. When he backed his car out of the garage and turned his head to see that he wasn't doing the fender any damage, he fainted dead away. His cervical spine couldn't stand the pressure.

Unusual as such a condition is, it is not the most exciting example of fainting. The hysterical faint—usually a woman—laps the lot. She faints every time she is confronted with something that has impressed

memories for her. She faints not occasionally but frequently. Her flight from reality is not due to somnambulism; she is experiencing at past that morale, but in an association that may go back to early years of her life.

The color of a rose or the mention of a name—anything that reveals unhappiness—can send the hysterical doctor off. One woman fainted every time she entered a room where there was smoking. With smoking as unaccustomed as it is, she swooned repeatedly.

As a young girl she had been engaged to a man who smoked cigar. Flushed and happy at her engagement party, she related her fiance for a minute and went in search of him. She smelled his characteristic cigar smoke, and followed it to another room, where she saw him holding another woman in his arms. She fainted, and ever since then she has

fainted every time she had been reminded of her broken engagement by the smell of tobacco.

One of the characteristics of the non-syncope faint is that the spell usually occurs when the patient is standing or sitting.

Brevity and abruptness are two other characteristics of most faints. The whole duration is very brief. It lasts, ordinarily, from two to ten minutes. The longer it lasts, the more serious it is.

The best treatment is practically no treatment at all. The patient must be kept lying down, or have the head held low if there's just a feeling of dizziness while in a sitting position. The clothes should be unfastened so that there is no constriction about the neck.

As for medication, aromatic spirits of camomile — today's version of smelling salts—continues to be the most effective.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

How do you know when you're dead? More than one blower incident proves how hard it is to tell.



J. W. FLEMING

## BURIED ALIVE

PERHAPS the danger isn't as great today as once it was—but insurance workers are still worried in a sort of death out of sight of earth.

Burials will take place within twenty-four hours of apparent death in this country, yet, as long as 1888, a petition was presented to the French Senate by a man named De Gurnal, pointing out the dangers of hasty burials.

One of his suggestions was that the twenty-four hours between death and burial should be legally extended

to forty-eight. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bourges, supported the petition.

In the first years of his merciful service, he said, he had never seen an apparently-dead old man—who lived only twelve hours longer, however, but was given the order of burial.

Later, the Archbishop sawed a man who was fully restored to life.

His third instance was even more unusual:

A girl, daughter of an aristocratic

family, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and the father and mother had left the death-bed. Cardinal Donnet knew the girl was all; he called in to inquire how she was progressing. He was told she was dead.

He entered the boudoir, where the nurse was covering the girl's form, all signs of life seemed to have left her. For some reason he could not afterwards explain, the Cardinal called loudly on the girl not to give up hope.

His words reached the girl's brain and halted the march of death. The young girl survived.

But the most striking evidence given by the Cardinal assisted a sentence. It can be given in his own words:

"In the summer of 1888, on a dark and sultry day, in a church that was unusually crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with gallstones in the pulpit. His words soon became incoherent, he entirely lost the power of speech and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried to his home. Everybody thought that all was over.

"Some hours afterwards, the funeral bell was tolled and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His丧葬 was gone, but at that the young lady I have mentioned! He could say nothing, we could understand him, for he was not dead, and I need not say that what received but were not only calculated to reassure him." (What a paragraph of understanding!)

"The doctor examined him and pronounced him dead, and after the usual inquiries as to his age, his glass of bath and so on gave permission for his burial next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose

church the young priest had been preceding when armed with the St. cross to his bedchamber to visit the De Prudhomme. The body was then measured for the coffin.

"Night came on. You will easily tell how inexplicable was the anguish of the living being in such a situation! At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he discovered that of one whom he had known from infancy. The voice produced a marvelous effect and caused him to make a stupendous effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit, free which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, moreover, is the same man who is now speaking to you, and who—more than forty years after that catastrophe—there is authority to speak now."

No wonder the Cardinal always made certain a person was dead! He had been through it himself.

A pamphlet issued in France in the nineteenth century, with one of the exposures titles of those days, "Lettre sur La Mort Apparue, Les Conséquences Mortales des Interrvements Postérieurs, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister l'Apparence d'une Rappelle à la Vie" (by Dr. Charles Lassot), gives instances of the apparently dead coming to life. Here is one:

On July 11, 1839, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Petit des Arts, Paris, a lady, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the room. It was that of a young man, about twenty years of age and strongly-built; the corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick, yellowish fluid exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed and blank;

**This Alasid Age:** Two Richardson (Michigan) inventors have predicted traffic signals that talk. When the red light goes on, a voice says: "Stop, you can't cross now!" When the green light comes, another voice says: "Look right, look right, look right again"—then—"You may cross now!" The ingenious pair are now working on door-knockers that make three rounds instead of knocking once.

The limbs limp and drooping, no pulsation of the heart or trace of breathing was perceptible; the body was said to have been under water for at least half an hour.

Yes, I would have said that the man was dead. But not Dr. Beaumont, who was sent for to certify death.

The doctor had to put up with the decision of bystanders when he attempted to re-examine what seemed no more than a lump of clay. But the doctor was young and courageous and he had to be, for he kept at his task alone for several hours. He was on the point of exhaustion when the "drowned" man came back to life!

Dr. Londe concluded in his pamphlet that every day drowned persons were buried who, with greater perseverance, might have been restored to life.

Suffocation and drowning are always tricky cases. Dr. Londe gives an instance. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop, a close neighbor

sawyer (or, rather, cubby-hair) was the sleeping place of the shopman who managed the night sales until the shop was closed and who took down the shutters at four in the morning. That was in 1835, when workers were not so hard to get.

On January 14, 1835, there were loud knocks on the grocer's door. As the shopman did not do anything about it, the grocer, breathing threats of the neck, had to open it himself. Having stridden to the cellar, he went along to the cubby hole to give the sawman a proper dressing down, but found that worthy mortician in bed and quite unconscious.

He went in search of a doctor (perhaps labor was hard to get); the doctor looked at a night lamp which had gone out (although everything plenty of wick and oil) and a portable stove containing the remains of charcoal partly reduced to ash. He declared that he had a case of asphyxia by asphyxia on his hands.

The case appeared to be dead.

But the doctor started all the approved modes of restoring respiration and, at three in the afternoon, after eleven hours' continuous work, there was a slight pulsation in the region of the breast. A few hours later the patient regained consciousness.

One of the peculiarities of cholera is to bring on some of the symptoms of death (such as the prostration, the coldness, and the dull, fixed stare) before life has departed. Dr. Londe claims that, during epidemics (when burials were swift), hundreds of living people had been buried.

A Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was called to La Roche to visit a cholera patient, Therese X., who had lost all the members of her family to the same disease. He found her in

a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein, but not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches, they bit and immediately released their hold. He covered the body with stomachic applications and left her, failing to be called if the patient showed any signs of life.

A night and a day passed. Preparations were begun for the burial; but, during these, it was noticed that a little blood was oozing out of the mouth-bladder.

Dr. Veyrat immediately entered the bedroom just as the nurse was about to wrap the body in the winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Therese's chest. She opened her eyes and in a hollow voice said to the startled nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you!"

Therese recovered, though for two months she was a little deaf before she was entirely well.

Who said "Death is so permanent?"

## HURRY

By CLUTCH WILLIAMS



A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENCE  
WALKS FROM HOME  
PAST THE HOUSE  
TO THE MARKET.



A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENCE  
WALKS FROM HOME  
PAST THE MARKET  
TO THE COUNTRY ROAD.



A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENCE  
WALKS FROM HOME  
PAST THE MARKET  
TO THE COUNTRY ROAD.



A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENCE  
WALKS FROM HOME  
PAST THE MARKET  
TO THE COUNTRY ROAD.



A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENCE  
WALKS FROM HOME  
PAST THE MARKET  
TO THE COUNTRY ROAD.



CARRY TO COMPLETE 2007  
MEETING OF CHIEFS & CHIEFS-ON-  
THE-GROUND



REVIEW DYNAMIC SIGHT-  
SIGHT-TO-MOVES, POSITION-  
MANAGEMENT, TEAM-OR-  
INDIVIDUAL-LEVEL



STRATEGIC PLANNING AND  
IMPLEMENTATION ARE  
THESE, JOHN DRAFFIN,  
VIA FORTRESS WORKSHOP  
A BLACK BAG, IS PICTURED  
OF HIS PARTNERS.

# Hell in the Hot seat

JOHN ADAM



Legal death by electrocution gained a national notoriety after the first victim had been killed in the chair.

THE world's first official electrocution of a murderer was at Auburn Prison in New York State on August 6, 1890. But despite claims that the new method of executing the death penalty was more humane, the first execution was botched. The doctor who performed the autopsy was the real executioner.

Actually, legal death by electricity had caused considerable debate in

New York State for several years. In 1885, Governor Bill Crary recommended to the New York Legislature that "the present mode of hanging has come down to us from the Dark Ages, and it may well be questioned whether science cannot provide a means for taking the lives of such as are condemned to die in a less barbarous manner."

A commission was appointed in

1886 to investigate. After extensive study, the group of scientists proposed electrocution and the change was voted.

Electrocution for hanging became law on June 4, 1888, when a bill was signed by Governor David B. Hill, of the New York State.

The State set about devising a means of carrying out the new law. Many experiments were carried out with animals. Calves and hens were selected for the trials, and varying voltages were passed through them to determine effective electrical charges sufficient to cause death quickly.

Electrical engineers opposed the new measure on the grounds that the public would be afraid to use electricity for ordinary purposes. One engineer, sponsoring direct current as opposed to alternating current, gave public demonstrations with animals showing the dangers of the latter.

Ironically, politicians, who were divided on the new method, saw the demonstration and immediately voted for its adoption.

Mammoth construction of the first electric chair was carried out at the Auburn Prison workshop, the prison money covering the work.

The death-dealing apparatus consisted of a stationary engine and an alternating dynamo capable of generating a current of 2,000 volts. The "death chair" had an adjustable head rest, broad straps to bind the shank, hand, wrist and legs, and adjustable electrodes.

The electrode consisted of rubber cups enclosing metal discs faced with a layer of sponge. One electrode was prepared for attachment to the head, the other to the mid of the right or left leg.

To prevent the execution from

becoming Pope's holiday for the markedly curious, the State required those to be present to prison authorities, doctors, clergymen and official visitors including members of the Press. After an autopsy had been performed, relatives could view the body, otherwise it was to be buried within the prison grounds.

The first victim was William Kemmler, who killed his mistress with a hatchet at Buffalo, on March 28, 1890. He was speedily executed but it was not until August 6, 1890, that he finally paid his debt to society before an army of physicians and scientists who were appointed to attend the final execution.

Due to inexperience, the job was bungled and a public outcry followed. Some newspapers described the execution as a horrid and an act of "cruelty beyond listing."

A "New York World" report related vividly what happened on the death chamber after the first charge of 1,000 volts passed through Kemmler's body. "Suddenly the breast heaved. There was a shivering at the steps which bound him. The man was alive . . ."

"Women, physicians, everybody, lost their will. There was a stand-off for the moment to be avoided on upon Signals, only half understood, were given to those in the next room at the switchboard. When their knew what had happened they were quick to act, and the switch handle could be turned so it was pulled back and both breaking the deadly circuit wire just."

Public protests finally caused banishment from the operations of capital punishment and death by electricity was discontinued as the punishment in New York to first degree murder.

To-day, 25 U.S. States use the method eight use lethal gas and 24 use hanging. In Utah, condemned

## STATE OF THE NATION (2)

Sing a song of shekels, count about cash  
Once a humble trampy would help you out a dash,  
Spurned spilt security, o gunnes in your job  
Placed you with the platoons and cheered you on a Hob  
Expensive, meagrements days... now gone! (Alas! Alack!)  
Shall we see your like again? When are you coming back?  
Tell, tell, you thin bank-teller, will ever paper notes  
Resort to greater value than the frosty food of goose?  
Sing a song of shekels, count about cash,  
Count how much a quid can buy and teach your teeth to gnash.

JAY-PAY

persons have a choice of death by hanging or by a firing squad. Eight States have abolished capital punishment.

The first electrodes used in executions were the potential property of the first official executioner, Edwin F. Davis. He carried them with him from prison to prison. In the fall of 1882, State officials became concerned as to what might happen in the event of Davis' death.

For two years he turned a deaf ear to all offers and representations in defense of his rights. Finally, for \$1000 dollars, he agreed to transfer his patents to the State of New York and to show electrocution how to officiate at legal killings.

Davis pulled the death switch for over 20 years, executing 240 convicted murderers, including two women. His payment for each electro-

cution was \$50 dollars, together with expenses. Over the period, dealing in death netted him more than \$10,000 dollars.

On his retirement in 1904, over 100 applications were received for the position, some from clergymen, lawyers and a number of women. His successor, John Sulzer, remained for 12 years, electrocuting 128 condemned.

Shortly after his retirement in 1925, he committed suicide by shooting himself twice with a revolver.

His successor, Robert G. Elliott, became official electrocutioner for the Eastern States and over a period of more than 20 years hooked 251 condemned to the electric chair into eternity—a record for death by lethal current.

Electrocution persists in most States at present. The death sentence

provides for electrocution within a week. In practice, a long time usually elapses before the condemned pay their debt to society.

Convicted prisoners spend their last hours reading, writing and playing checkers. A notorious Pittsburgh banker (and confessed killer of seven men) became interested in a condensed magazine story. When he learned he would have to die before finishing the serial, he said: "Gee, it's tough not to know how this thing ends." The publisher heard of it and sent him an advance copy of the final installment.

Some hardened criminals try to be death chamber humorists. George Appel, a Jewish Chicago gunman, strides into the执行室 room with a smile on his face. To the guards who were stopping him in, he said: "Well, folks, you'll soon see a baked Appel."

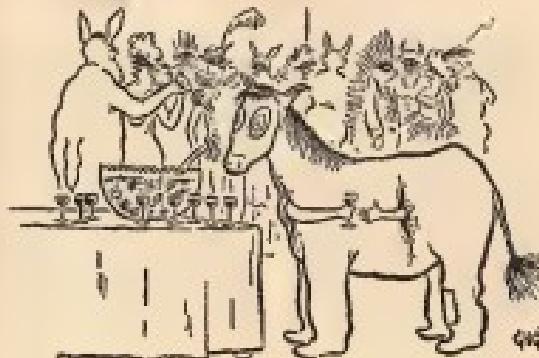
Practical and medical evidence were

to show that death by electricity is painless. The flow of electric shock of 2000 volts stimulates the nervous system and paralyzes the brain before any pain can be registered.

The body starts a wild and the temperature rises to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. This current is stopped and lowered during five-second intervals, the body rises and sinks with each increase and decrease.

When the electricity is switched off, the condemned person's chest is heaved and all the convulsions ceases with a jolt. One or more doctors then step up and listen with a stethoscope for the beat of the heart. If satisfied that life is extinct, the prison physician declares: "I pronounce this man for morally dead."

The living body is then unstrapped, lifted to a hospital stretcher and transferred to another room for an autopsy to be performed.



# a BLOSSOMING of BEARDS

JACK PEARSON

A strange wilderness of whiskers seems to be spreading haphazardly across the trim Australian scene



THE subject of beards is one on which I can claim some slight authority. As a master of fact-in-the-face (affable does of my youth)—I actually wore one.

Now a full beard, of course, first was beyond me, for various areas of my cheeks turned out to be permanently bare, and presented, as living bare among the bristles like clippings in the undergrowth of a world.

Only my chin proved fertile . . . and so I was forced to content myself with cultivating what I hoped would be mistaken for a soft of the Spanish or "Sailor" style—a neat, two-edged dagger of hair, consisting

mainly in a needle-sharp point. At least, this was the theory. In practice, however, the beard at its edges unfortunately tended to irritate the teeth of a chomping cow and it could not be prevented from curving upwards at its point in a disconcerting resemblance to the rear-view mirror of a duck.

Still, I persevered in—and despite the vulgar size of the local judiciary and the undiscerning alarm of noisy chaps, women's critics, Thompson associations, chroniclers of venoms and other assorted scurrilous forthwith, by the demands of journalism, I was compelled to tolerate)—I might have been wearing it today

if I hadn't chosen to become interested in a literary kind of way—with a character so diametrical he made "the-saints-don't-touch" sort, read the curse for baldness.

One word having led to another, this character was in the end an embittered old bantustan that he openly proclaimed in the public press ("In inciting myself) has called me a stern sheep, perhaps from the heroic豪傑ism on his side, let's say."

Speech failed me. I dawdled from debate and departed in the direction of a latrine.

Lately I have begun to suspect that this may have been my error. Lately I have begun to suspect that the author of *As You Like It* comes to fruition not in a new rash of beards

Wildernesses of whiskers, which were once almost exclusively confined to deep-roaring rumbustious and the more self-consciously-feminine breed of ornate gentlemen, are spreading their tendrils.

Now, germinated from the bony knobs of the outback "bushies" in a half-moon of the outback, they are adoring the vamps of arid, of robust, chiseled action, signs of virility and even certain perverse pretensions of the younger men. Various sensible doctres happen (doctres may just conceivably be supposed to eat their present), there seems little doubt that the epidemic will soon be sweeping the populous at large.

It is a grim which must be faced in all honesty, but if there must be beards, let them be Beards. There is no lack of examples which all these ought to be Beards may invite.

Consider Herr Andrea Blasberg von Tihberg, who powdered Germany about 30 years ago.

When Herr Andrea went for a walk, his beard went with him . . . and in no mean bushes. It is reported to have taken to the ground with enough to span for the end to reach up again to his belt and be wound around his staff. As Blasberg is described as being a "tough than usual bearded," it may be estimated that his beard was three eight or nine feet long.

Yet there is only one record of his ever being subjected to the German equivalent of a crude "Gunner-set-you-hair-on". The offender was evidently caught a hundred miles or so kindly bantustan as Herr Andrea himself. Possibly assuming a protective mud, the young bantustan's response was prompt. Obviously modelling himself on Beethoven, Herr Andrea twisted the bantustan's beard twice around his left hand and then, with his right hand, struck the enraged goopie such a hay-maker that "not only the man's beard but also his under-jowls, came off, by which means the bantustan never ate but his life" . . .

And Herr Andrea was not alone in his glory. There is also the matter of a bantustan socialist which exalted the citizenry of Braunschweig in 1927. It seems that a certain bantustan of the town, one Hans Steinberg, was hurrying to keep an appointment when he tripped over his beard and fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

In case anyone should be inclined to doubt this, it may be mentioned that the beard theory received from the author who understandably had no further use for it was eventually bejigged in the museum of Braunschweig where, according to Austrian officials, it is still on show . . . measuring eight feet nine inches.

**Legal Eagles** Three ratings by world courts for the benefit of incoming litigants. Supreme Court Justice Fausto of New York City: "A husband who never enters the house on his wife's body is not a real husband." High Wycombe, Town Council (England): "Cows are not conducive to ideal breeding conditions and must be kept off the town's racing grounds." Chicago Jury: "Even the longest Great Dane is still one animal."

The last is almost incomprehensible. No longer ago than 1915, a Mr. Richard Letter, of Tuxbridge, Wells (England), was alleged to support a beard measuring 16 feet.

And there is no means of knowing what color might be achieved with a little more effort. It has been calculated that, by the age of 30, a man rhesively grows about 37 feet of beard . . . but (what with the shambles and everything) who can say for certain that embattled Beards of the future will not better this panto? It is a sobering thought.

Moreover, bearded Beavers may cheer themselves with the proven fact that Beards are not merely ornaments; they can serve strictly utilitarian purposes as well.

Most exhilarating was Count Baldwin of Edessa . . . later King Baldwin II of Jerusalem. Count Baldwin possessed his beard

From the record, it appears that Baldwin had married the daughter of a wealthy Armenian, Gabriel of

Melikens. Finding himself short of cash, he touched his father-in-law for a loan . . . with the usual lack of success. Helped by the paternal paucity, Baldwin sped hot-foot to the nearest money-lender and "pledged his beard for a great sum." It was an ingenuous move. Baldwin's father-in-law harbored all the Armenian's devout reverence for all beards of any shape, size or color. He promptly produced 30,000 golden dinars! Baldwin's "to prevent disgrace to his family, and as condition that the beard be never engaged again."

"The right that a man should not lose the glory of the fact, the proof of manhood, the source of male authority," spied Baldwin, gaily accepting the bearded.

The history of Beards, however, is littered with misfortunes and setbacks. Point the Great of Russia step-murdered the deplorable "Minuscule of the Beards" among his nobles for the excellent reason—our authority is Charlotta Elizabeth, Duchess of Urbino—that "you can't wear a mustache or a beard and blow your nose with your fingers like the Cossacks . . . and beards are less expandable than handkerchiefs."

In America, about 1830, Joseph Palmer . . . who flaunted a really magnificent beard . . . arrived in the village of Finsbury, Ohio. The villagers subjected him to a swift summary, burnt into aromatic belly-bloodying; and melted their innocent but gallantly inflamed infants to hurl stones at him. The local pastor remonstrated with them; Joseph Palmer responded with chunks of Holy Writ. Four men expeditiously ambushed him and attempted to shave him furiously. Palmer produced a penknife and routed them. He was

jailed for "unprovoked assault."

But his beard and his karma had made him a legend. The Whiskered Prince of Worcester became as famous that he was ejected from the jail. The shock was too much for him, he went home and died. His bearded beard was carved on his tombstone and may still be seen at North Leicestershire Cemetery.

Only a short while ago, one of Hollywood's brightest luminaries . . . Max Loretta Young . . . was badgered by newsmen into revealing the astounding secret that she had met a British reporter who had a beard because he couldn't buy moustaches.

His appalled colleagues ran the offender to earth in Southampton where — by some oversight — his apologies were accepted and he was not lynched," says one who had observed the encounter.

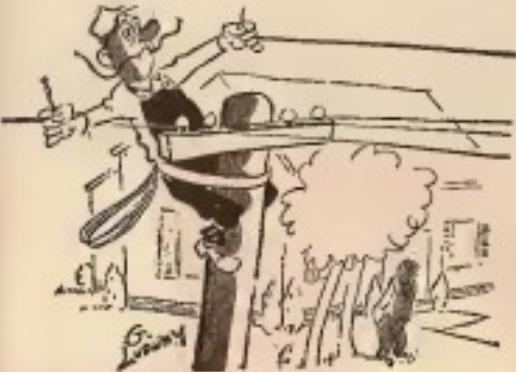
But why continue? Beavers can now iterate,

It is well, however, to remember that—in English history, at least—great beards have always flourished at the time of great Queens.

During the pound of slightly grizzled reign of Elizabeth the First, Drake always stashed "the King of Spain's beard"; he never punished him in the pleasure or kid-gloved him in the seat of the pink Queen Victoria, chomping her canines off to the Crusade, commanded them to grow beards.

Will history repeat itself with Elizabeth the Second? And . . . terrifying thought . . . women's fables now being admitted, will bearded women burst in cascades from the side-shaves?

Already strange portents are in the air. For a decade before Princess Elizabeth at Mile, high Royal brass long loudly takes the procession of bearding blithely-moustached matrons. By the beard of the Prophet, it makes you think!



# the END of Arguments



Is it more dangerous to prick yourself with a pin than a needle?

No, not a scrap. That common illusion is a fallacy which is probably based on the fact that needles are made of steel. A pin, however, is no more expensive (in itself) than one from a needle. The important thing in both cases is whether contaminated germs have been introduced into the wound.

Who can't get married until he is too old to fight?

Now take this seriously and don't act facetious. The owner of *Aay Zulu* not. In South Africa, Zulu boys are not even allowed to think of marriage. They are trained to be warriors instead. But when they reach the age of forty, they are then considered too old to fight, so they are allowed to retire from the fighting profession and find themselves a wife (or wives).

Do drowning people always come to the surface themselves?

Not by any means . . . and there would be a most sorry scene deaths from drowning if lifeguards shared the general belief! Lifeguards know from bitter experience that most drowning people never come up at all once they have gone under the water. When a person is used to be as defensive as the surf, action should be immediate. There is no time to waste.

Why is a fishing called a "furlong"?

A furlong means a "furrow" 22 yards long. At one time this was supposed to be the distance that a yoke of oxen could plough without pausing to rest. Today the name has been forgotten but the name as a measure of distance still persists.

How old is the Earth?

Latest estimates made by Dr. Arthur Holmes, professor of geology at the University of Edinburgh indicate that the earth is probably 3,000,000,000 years old. Other reckonings of the period since the beginning of terrestrial time have usually put it at from two to five billion years. All estimates during the generation have been based on the decay of the radio-active element, uranium, into lead.

What makes white paper?

White paper owes its whiteness to blue dye that is added to the pulp while the paper is being made. The process was discovered by accident. The wife of a London paper-maker accidentally spilled a bag of powdered washing-tubs onto a vat of paper-pulp. Her husband (in the story gook) was really hot under the collar about the whole thing . . . until he sold the paper — and got a better price because of its whiteness. Then he bought his wife a new coat.



## WHIRL AT THE WINDMILL

The show will open on Saturday, which even Hitler's henchmen won't be able to stop. So far six million people have seen the show, and, including Miss Windmill, One-Can Garry, and the newest Windmill, Queen Coopie, will say hi-

to "Windmill" — another "We Never Change" production — on Saturday night. So far six million people have seen the show, and, including Miss Windmill, One-Can Garry, and the newest Windmill, Queen Coopie, will say hi-

to you.



No wonder they pack 'em in . . . "Romany in Bloom" is the title of that top act . . . we're applying for a job as gypsies in (our) land of roses . . . who knows, we might even be promoted to bejeweled with "The Glistening Moon". . . See, that's the Major . . . John Loring to you . . . and, even if his horse is invisible, it strikes me he has the most fun in the world.



Aiding and abetting, inc., one sprightly Linda Coey . . . if this is her impression of Marie Lloyd, Monoff never be dead while Linda lived . . . and then roasting them of "Society" loudspeakers . . . look how They Chirp and his Yorkshire lassie, Rosalie Whiteman, . . . but don't all rock at once, you super-beauties, there are nine number 70竹 crinoline in this Circus which seats an audience of 227. So keep in the quince, please . . . remember all the best are up to scratch beauties . . . pink and cheese.



# P oison and a P oetess

WALKER HENRY



Was her death accidental? Was she a suicide? Or was she murdered by a reviving husband or a lost lover?

IT was a fit passing for a poem — especially for one whom they claimed to be a suicide.

The night was leaden with mists from far sea. Streaking rays of impure pink cascaded down. The few remaining lights flickered about an open grave in the cemetery of Cape Coast Castle, shrouded first entirely from the westward and buried themselves there-

tightly in their cloister as the flickering torches cast ghostly shadows on the walls.

At the grave's side a dissector's cleave, shivering drowsily under an umbrella, jolted the funeral mourners at breakfast speed.

Thus, the order of funereal crept, cleric and mourner hastened almost dismally away, leaving the day to

tear as the coffin of Letitia Langton, one of no small fame in English literary circles.

It was August 15, 1822, and only two weeks before a coroner's jury had returned the strenuously-pleaded verdict "Death from having accidentally taken a dose of prussic acid."

Today, biographers are still arguing as to what exactly the jury meant by "accidental."

In a letter, the poetess had complained: "Her dear husband expects me to cook, wash and iron; in short to do the work of a servant; be sure he will never cease from correcting me until he breaks my spirit; and he complains of my temper, which you know was never, under the most heavy trials, bad."

Moreover—used to add the most bizarre touch of all—a certain ex-guarantor Dr. Madden was alert enough to discover that Mr. McLennan had ordered Letitia's tombstone several months before her (allegedly) untimely demise.

Somewhat astounded under the circumstances, Dr. Madden promptly had a migraine. It happened "when he was sleeping at the room in which Letitia had died" (Why he selected this unpleasing bed-chamber is left obscure). "In a half-walking, half-dreaming hallucination," he sworn, "I found that the form of Mrs. McLennan, clad in a white dress, was extended lifeless before me on the floor on the spot where I had been told her body had been found—but every time I raised myself the spectre crooked and squatting over her husband's name, disappeared."

Which is curiously the case for not only Dr. Madden, but also all good "who-dun-it" fans to cool consideration: "So her husband did."

It is an interesting suggestion; but

how strongly as it founded on fact? Letitia Langton was born at Chalgrove (England) on August 14, 1802. At 18, she published her first book of verse. But she wrote three novels . . . gloriously gloomy.

Nevertheless, she seems to have had her brighter moments. There was, for example, her acquaintance with Dr. Maginn, notorious both for his swordplay and his seductions.

There is no record now of telling just how far she went with Dr. Maginn. Mrs. Maginn herself absents all the while; Letitia insists that she didn't. Dr. Maginn has preserved a precious silence. But Letitia did correspond with him . . .

And the correspondence was still continuing when, aged 38, she met Mr. McLennan. Unfortunately, no details of their courtship have survived. It is merely known that, in June, 1821, she married him . . . and that (at the wedding breakfast) Mr. McLennan replied to the toast of "The Bride and Groom" with the surprising (and vastly ungrateful) statement: "If Mrs. McLennan has so many friends, I am astonished that they are allowing her to leave them."

What really occurred in the two months between her arrival at Cape Coast Castle and her fortune (and the nasty) burial at dead of night is anybody's guess.

Was she tormented over the verity of musical insanity by a sodatic husband? Was Mr. McLennan (or Dr. Maginn) trying to let fall an assassination? Or was it accidental?

Perhaps some may feel a clue in a verse she wrote not long before she left England forever:

"Mine shall be a brother ending,  
Mine shall be a wider grave;  
Where the silent and shrunk are  
bleeding."

"Where the tempest meets the wave."

# Crime Capsules



**OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD:** Some time over a century ago, Lucy is Matka reigned as Beauty Queen of Peru. She was an actress who, during her stage career, made and threw away a couple of fortunes. Her riches dwindled with her cash and, at last, she was left alone and in poverty. Apparently, solitude assailed her. She could not bear the solitude surrounding her and the sight of her fading beauty infuriated her. She was (she announced) determined to be content with her golden retriever as further buffer than there weren't any kinks beside the point need apply. So, when she beat a knock on the door and a voice asking to be let in, she put her words into action. Stretching up a pistol she fired through the door, thereby giving herself another memory—of the unexpected deuce of Richard Monson, who had called to collect the waiting.

**SPRING OF FUN:** Seems that a sense of the conventions can take some astute twists up Dallas (U.S.) way. Not long ago, one Pete Wilkerson was galloped into police headquarters there for liquidating a money at Mt. Charlie Miller. Protested Pete plaintively to the gendarme: "Shucks! We was just foolin' around. I went to Charlie's place and told him to

leave my girl alone and he said he wouldn't. So we just got to shootin'!" According to the police report, eight of Charlie's bullets had missed Pete before the final salvo.

**CARNIVOROUS CUB:** When Mary Jane McLeish, of New York, was bitten by a dog, her mother called the constabulary. The kind-of-father who attended was obviously a dog-lover. "That there girl teased that dog," he denounced dolefully. "She did not," protested the mother pugnaciously. The law's Web directed its attention to the girl's brother. "Then the boy did," he asserted. "No, he didn't either," dithered the mother even more heatedly. "Well," barked the hunk. Marching to the dog's domicile, he knocked on the door . . . persistently to question the canine. The door opened; the dog bit him. Case closed.

**TYPOGRAPHICAL:** In a North Carolina (U.S.) court James L. Thomson, a motorist, pleaded plaintively that he ought not to be fined for parking his car beside a board marked: "NO STOPPING." "A stopgap," he pointed out, "was a method of excavating used in mining!" Presently, he had never "stopgap." "Undeniably," agreed the Court and, discharging Mr. Thomson, ordered the sign to be ratiocined . . . without typographical errors.

Opposite: Study by JACK HOWARD



# AMBER INSECT

THE SOUTH AMERICANS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT GROTESQUE HORRORS THE AMBER DEEP HID.

BENSON DOLLING • FICTION



They inhaled...  
growling ever longer and louder  
... as their odd bassed louder

He had intended to write a book about medieval architecture, in a prose as classic as an antique cathedral, illuminated, as by stained glass windows, with wit.

That was long ago.

Now he sat huddled in a faded chaise in his dusty library, sipping without

thirst at a whisky and soda, wondering whether civilization would destroy itself with atomic bombs or with a bacteriological weapon and which of the two would make for a more despicable end.

Moskin was situated. Life had no meaning. Art was nameless. Ideas had

no validity. People he passed on the street reminded him of so many frogs.

There was a knock on his door.  
Darn! It was the bokor from the apartment above.

"I am so glad, Mr. Moskin . . . to find you! This is an exciting moment in my life . . . and I must have a witness, a witness . . . I must have

you for a witness, Mr. Moskin!"

Moskin had not moved beyond swiveling his left hand toward the book before shakily sprang while, with his right hand, he tucked the tomahawk containing his drink. Once he had been a decent host; but polite gestures no longer seemed worth while and he disliked the fat, oily and smirky South American who had

## A WAK WARNING TO WISTFUL WOLVES

Beware of the look, come-  
hither,  
beware of the proper words,  
beware of the beckoning  
bait,  
beware of the sexual ruse . . .  
beware of the wiles of  
woman!  
And, further, remember no  
trick  
when you're closing your eye  
to temptation.  
Be sure you can't seem to  
wink.

JAY-PAY

lured himself onto his cozy sofa.  
Little bands of recent closed on  
the follow's skin here,  
"It's about a little chunk of amber.  
I picked it up in an antique shop  
years ago."

"Is there anything that interests  
me less than any other thing at this  
time, it's probably amber."

"But my dear Mr. Morton, this  
piece of amber has an insect in it—a  
dead insect!"

"I can't imagine a better place for  
an insect."

"But . . . Mr. Morton . . . I was  
looking into my pieces of amber and  
I saw the insect move."

"Kill it in a few days."

"Please . . ." The man leaned for-  
ward, squinting. "I picked it up  
years ago, my piece of amber, in an  
antique shop. It is amber cut as  
cabochon . . . the size of my thumb nail.  
Inside it is a fossil, the insect.  
At night, when I am home, I look  
at the amber, and I wonder how long  
the insect is in it, and how the  
stuff (fossed) about it and I real-

about rather, and I learn a little.  
Then, one night, months ago, the insect  
moved one of its feet . . . a  
little bit, a very little bit and I  
think that it is impossible and that  
my eyes are tired and let me imagine  
that he moves. So I watch him, and  
the next night he does not move  
and then, two nights later, he moves  
again . . . always the same footer . . ."

The follow seemed restless, un-  
easy.

"Look! the insect is in amber. It  
has been there many thousands of  
years, note when the rains hardened  
about it and now it moves a footer."

"That's reasonable enough. The  
thing felt a bit cramped."

"Oh, you are impossible! Look, I  
will tell you the rest. The insect  
moved its footer. It is away, I know,  
but I saw it move, again and again  
—it moved always the same footer.  
So I figure it is alive. I figure that  
it is released from the amber by  
any walk around the way it did before  
a bacon frozen in there.  
Maybe, if I can get it out, it will  
live for a few minutes, a few hours,  
a few days."

"Aren't there enough insects in the  
world today?"

"This is an insect different from  
any we have in today's world. It  
is a fossil. It is history. It is impor-  
tant . . . Anyway, I take my  
amber to a jeweler and I tell him  
that purpose is no object, I want to  
get out the insect and I want it intact . . .  
For weeks he works on my  
amber, with little saws, little chisels,  
little wheels that cut and grind . . .  
Now he is finished and I tap my  
amber and it falls apart, note fifty,  
maybe into a hundred fragments, and  
my insect remains intact."

"I trust the creature thanked you."  
"No, no . . . you do not under-

stand. I have not yet tapped the  
amber. You will come with me, to  
where, to see that I release the in-  
sect to you, with me if it grows,  
if it is alive . . ."

"Where is the thing?"

"Upstairs. In my apartment."

"You will come up, please."

"They went to the floor above.

Along a curved teakwood table was  
a silk cushion. In its centre rested  
a small nut of amber.

The South American pointed to it,  
and Morton leaned forward, fascinated.  
Opposite him, across the table,  
the man raised a rubber-handled nail-  
bit, and tapped, lightly. Nothing  
happened. He tapped again. Fragments  
of amber separated from the  
 lump. Again he tapped, and the egg  
 divided into many parts, which  
scattered away from a tiny teakwood  
inset that, in the centre of the silk  
cushion, waved eye, tail.

"It was that same insect it waved  
before, before I released it?" explained  
the South American.

It was his last local remark.

The insect, Morton sensed, seemed  
to be on the verge of enjoying itself.  
Certainly it was walking. First one  
feeler, then another, made tentative  
silken pictures over the small cushion.  
Then the tiny insect started to  
grow; and, as it grew, it divided,  
separating itself into entities like  
twins; and these continued to grow;  
after a division into four, these became  
eight; and the eight multiplied.

It was not necessary to look forward,  
stressing the eyes, to see the  
creatures now each the size of a  
man's fist; they swirled, always  
dividing, ever growing, over the table  
top; and from each, where every tentacle  
joined its兄弟's body, could  
tiny globules increasing in size at

the creatures crevices of a viscous  
sticking amber fluid, which dripped  
to the table top and, with successive  
rapidity, burned through it to the  
floor.

Morton backed away to the door,  
opening it, looking as he closed it  
behind him, at the rest, awaiting free  
of the South American—who stood,  
back against the wall, a victim of the  
ever-expanding, quickly-growing  
masses between him and the only  
exit of escape.

Morton hurried into the elevator  
and descended to the rooms below.  
Thoughtfully, he locked his door.

A rustle, outside his window, disturbed  
him—a sound like that of  
softly slithering Ophidion larvae. Cre-  
atures, he now—distant insects, half  
the size of men—were gliding down  
the walls of the house, onto the city,  
silvery creatures; and they left  
tiny pools in their wake.

Something dripped from the ceiling,  
onto his coffee table, and landed  
through it. From upstairs he heard  
a passed screen, a series of thuds,  
and then the rustle as oil was  
drained through leaves.

Scuttling past his windows, ever  
gliding down, the creatures were so  
thick now that they shut out the  
sun.

The ceiling was melting with wa-  
ters down, which dripped and burned.  
With eagles, Morton saw  
a single drop fall on his copy of  
Lester's *Imaginary Conversations*.  
The cover cracked and dropped to  
the floor.

Fridolin parroted the room.

Morton remembered that he had  
been carrying a bottle of Irish whisky  
for an emergency.

Perhaps this was it.

He took the flask from a shelf.  
"Damned South American," he muttered.



Those narrowed eyes still stared at her, the gun was still aimed for his stomach

THEIR press shock struck five slow strokes and the ten warden formed into a short line while the Senior called the roll and checked their whistles and revolvers. Then, at a word from the Senior, they picked up their lunch bags and broke up into pairs.

Mac Brennen fell into step beside

old John Lee and they walked through the gateway in the inner stone wall and along the path that led to "W" Division. Mac was conscious of the heavy revolver strapped to his waist, and felt a strange sense of importance as he walked towards his first night watch. But, deep inside, his heart beat quickly as he pic-



JAMES PRESTON  
• FICTION

IT WAS QUIET . . . MUCH TOO QUIET AS THE ROOKIE WARDEN WALKED ALONG THE GATES



called the words of the senior coming off duty.

"You're in "W" Division, to-night, aren't you?" he'd asked.

"That's right."

"Well," the other looked about Mac and leaned forward to tap Mac on the knee, "I wouldn't be surprised if

there's something cooking in there to-night."

Mac had wanted to ask him more, but the warden had turned away to speak to someone. However, Mac didn't wait long to think that he was aware.

As they walked towards the Division, Mac wondered if he should tell

**HOME, SWEET (?) HOME:** Statistics compiled by a straight U.S. soldier who kept house for one day. Operated door for children, 100 times; closed door, 100; laid their sheets, 10; received arriving baby, 20; told teenage-sold "Don't"; 20; stopped quarrels, 10; served glasses of water, 10; wiped tears, 10; answered questions, 10; stamped by questions, 10; ran after children (representative), 40; calmed, lost temper, 10 times. Knew and answered 200; picking up toys; frustrating natural tendencies with reasons, 100; accepted. New day that woman's place is in the house.

Lee. He wanted to, but he was afraid that the old master would laugh at him. After all, there might not be anything in it, just someone trying to make themselves important to the officers.

Then they were at the Division and walking to the Chapel. Mat climbed the iron steps to the upper tier and set off to count the occupied cells and check the leaves over the door. As he came round the corner of the "U"-shaped Division he saw a gleam at the Chapel window below. The Chapel seemed to be pondering some deep problem.

"Surprise?" Mat called as he came back to the front stairs.

The Chapel nodded and waving the keys in his hand as he waited for the report from the lower man. He and it then looked up at Mat again. "This is your first time in this Division, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, Chapel. First night watch."

The Chapel nodded, seemed about to say something, then finalized his bond towards Lee.

"You've got a good nose there," he said. "We'll put you up to anything you're not sure of."

"Thanks, Chapel."

The Chapel threw another glance about the Division, then drew the iron grill gate closed and turned the lock. His thoughts made no sound on the soft mutting as he walked down the long passage, and Mat leaned on the iron rail looking down at Lee.

"Better go round and have another look at your doors and leaves," Lee told him. "Makes you feel safer."

As he walked along, constantly checking the padlocks, levers and bolts, Mat wondered if old Lee knew anything.

What did the warlike mean when he said that something might break? Was it only to make him more careful? But why should he do that? Somebody could have tipped him off . . .

"Bones?"  
Mat started, his heart beating faster and his hand going to the revolver at his side. He stepped back and said, "What's the matter?"

"They forgot to switch my light on, bone. Number 40," came the voice, strongly clear in spite of the heavy doze.

Mat reached up and pressed the light switch. "How's that?"

"Thanks, bone."

Mat looked at the iron bolt carefully. Was this part of a carefully prepared plan? That was one thing about this place there were long hours of darkness and plenty of time to plan and prepare. There was the new Major who got out—almost through the bolt on his door and flick it with snap—and back to the sender with an iron bar . . .

The world hasn't been a safe sight when they had friend like. An iron bar . . . swung the right way and into anything as pliable as a human hand . . . not very like a blunt hatchet . . . only worse. There is, however, nothing real or definite about it. If anything, it is distinctly funny. You know, in fact . . . even for the most hardened stomach of a prison worker.

He shuddered and tried not to think of it. He walked on, completing a round of the cell and finding nothing out of place. Still, he'd be ready. He understood the flap of his blanket.

There were three little brass electric clocks in the Division, one at the end of each tier, and when the prison clock boomed seven he walked around and turned them with his key. He had to do that every half hour. Lee did the same thing ten minutes later. That way there was always a man in command of the Division.

The Senior came into the Division and waited by the gate until Lee had checked the exercise yards. Then he went on his round. He would not come back again until about 10 P.M.

Mat opened his bag and took out some sandwiches and a thermos of tea. He started his clock and settled back for his supper. From where he sat he could see down ends of the three brightly lit tiers without turning his head.

The master sounded smug enough with his warning. But maybe

somebody was kidding him. Maybe the crime knew that a new case would be on duty tonight and wanted to scare him. Maybe. The Division was quiet now, but you never could tell what was going on inside those cells. There were the little potty holes, of course, but most of them were useless, besides it was dark in the cells by this time and I was satisfied as the light they'd known you were responsible.

As he ate, Mat's thoughts were going round and round, during all of thoughts, wondering, evolving theories and planning what he would do if somebody did make a break. The pens were. If it came to a showdown, could he shoot a man, even a criminal, in cold blood?

He thought that one over for a long time. He was still thinking of it when he heard his name round. The next one would be his last before the Senior came back. Then, oh, his words would end.

Mat walked the length of cage till while the clock struck ten. The voices yelled into silence, leaving a strange hush over the Division. Mat's thoughts made a little noise on the soft mutting and the soft, steady breathing from behind the doors came to him clearly.

A dozy feeling came over him as the spent air from the cells crept under the doors and drifted into the Division. Long, cold and drafty as it was, the Division seldom slept fresh and clean. At night it was worse. Mat stayed by the window at the end of the tier and let the cold night air take some of his doziness.

He finished working his clock and walked slowly back to his little table and stool. He had been sitting there for just over 12 minutes when he realized that old Lee had not worked

his doctor. Sodding is himself—Lee was known to dole off at times—Met buried over the radish.

For a moment Lee's unusual silence did not impress him. Then he tensed. It wasn't natural for Lee to sprawl across the table like that. Met's hand moved to his gun.

"Leave it where it is!" a soft voice said, and Met lifted his eyes slowly to look at the man crouched in the doorway of one of the lower cells. Lee's gun was in his hand.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Martin?" Met said.

"Honesty," Martin's eyes narrowed. "Why did you have to be an hero tonight?" he said.

Met remembered the first day he had been on duty in the labour yards. Martin was down there breaking stones for stone prison crews and Met had given him a cigarette. He'd forgotten until now, but Martin must have remembered. A slight hope took

root inside Met and the cold numbness left his stomach.

"You don't think you can get away with this, do you?" he said.

"You can move your hands," Martin told him. "Only one fellow stop me getting out of here to-night. Do so you're odd and you won't get hurt. Understood?"

Met had a pretty good idea of what he meant and that sinking feeling came back to his stomach. In a disturbed sort of way he wondered if, given the chance, he could shoot Martin. He told himself that he could, hoping all the while that it wouldn't come to that. Martin had never done anything to him.

"Come down here," Martin told him, "and keep your hand well away from that gun. If I cap it to-night a few screws are going to go with me."

The cold, cold way he spoke brought a shyness to Met's mouth and a寒意 to his feet.

"Now go round and mark the labour chicks," Martin said as Met reached the lower tier.

Met stood by the iron gate and followed the words with the other man's gun. Met walked stiffly, slowly, slower than the other had planned this in every detail. He knew the chicks had to be marked, knew, too, that the Senator who had drawn very even with the boys of the Division. Met knew that was why Martin let him keep his gun. It was the last thing the Senator would look for when he saw Met on the lower tier.

Met put the little Army in the first chick and twisted it, then turned and walked back. He wondered if the other was a good shot. Maybe if he dashed into a cell doorway and grabbed his gun . . .

But the muscle of the other gun never relaxed. He could see the tent finger hovering over the trigger and the hard, strained eyes watching him

all the time. The bullets in that gun were terrible things. Show a hole in a nose as big as your fist. He suddenly tightened his spring and his thoughts whispered "Now. He wouldn't hit you. Slip into that doorway. Quack." But he walked on, down the centre tier and around to the next.

"Now you can stand there in front of the gate and wait for the Senator," Marian said.

Met folded his legs, wondering if the other could see his trembling muscles and the sweat on his face.

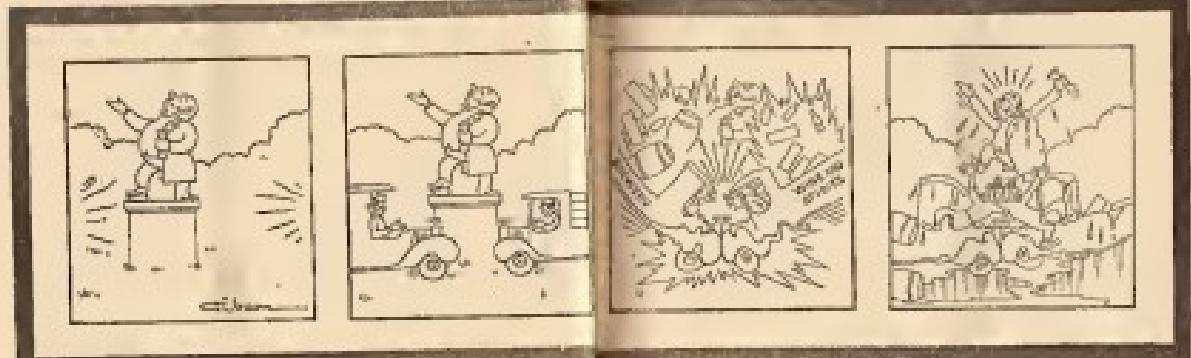
"What am I going to say when he asks me why I'm down here?" Met asked.

"Tell him Lee took sick."

"Yeah. He's going to believe that all right."

"He won't have to. As soon as he gets to the gate I'll take over."

Met took up his position near the gate and Martin edged to one side of



### **FORECAST**

I remember, I remember,  
Like my childhood rated by,  
It was hot then in December,  
It was colder in July  
In the winter there were  
freezings,  
In the summer there were  
thaws.  
But the weather isn't now at  
all!  
Like what it used to was!  
— Another spin from the pen  
of that popular poet,  
**ANON.**

as his imagination felt the tearing shock of the bullet. He had no illusions about Martin's consciousness. Once he got his hands on those keys a bit of noise wouldn't matter. He'd be on his way—and dead men don't tell.

The Senator took the keys from his pocket and came up to the guy. "Where's Luis?" he said.

Mart nodded towards the table. "He's sick."

The Senator passed through the bars as he hurried with the look. The lock clicked open.

"Now drop your keys and step back," Martin said quietly.

The Senator made an instinctive movement towards his gun and Martin swerved to cover him. Mart fired for his gun, praying that it would make it and glad that he had left the big revolver. Martin swerved back, hesitated, looked at the Senator.

Then Mart got the gun free. He lifted it, pressing the trigger as the heavy barrel came up. Martin struggled, tried to cover his gun, dropped it and landed against the wall. He turned his head to look at Mart.

"Why do it have to be you?" he whispered, and slid to the ground.

Mart let the gun fall to his side. He walked over and stood looking down at Martin.

"Good work, Beauregard," the Senator said.

But Mart didn't hear him. He was a little surprised at the ease with which he had killed a man. There was nothing in it. You just pulled the trigger, and then . . .

And Martin. He wouldn't have much after that bullet hit him. You could see the death in his eyes as he fell forward. Mart wondered if he remembered that capsule. But surely a dying man doesn't think of these things?



*"Pardon me. I'm looking for my husband—  
a little man who must have started at you!"*

# Pardon My Bag

Packed by GIBSON

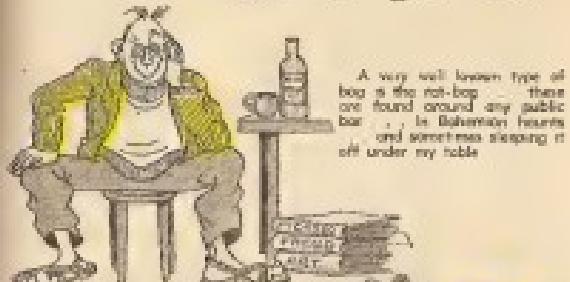
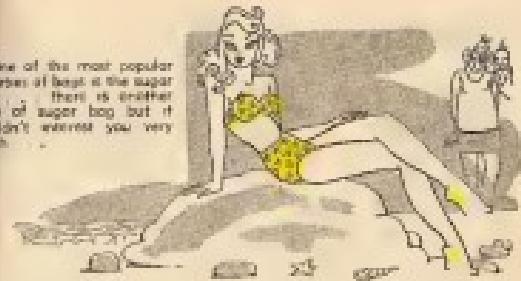


Paper bags were invented as being the easiest method of dropping vegetables or the week-end supplies in public places.

Gladstone bags were invented by a man named Gladstone who evidently did not like people with fingers!

Then there are swing bags — it is amazing the things they can carry and the well ... oh, skip it.

One of the most popular varieties of bags is the sugar bag — there is another type of sugar bag but it wouldn't interest you very much.



A very well known type of bag is the hot-bag — these are found around any public bar ... in Gibson's hearts and sometimes sleeping it off under my table.

And last, but not least, are the bags under my eyes known to my intimate circles as "The Price of Gibson's Folly". But leather what folly?



# STRANGER and Stranger

**KUNG IN:** In Sweden, members of a profession or trade still wear a special finger ring. For instance, a charwoman's ring is recognized by four loops and three engraved on the ring; a carpenter has a series of seven leaves interposed with axes and Greek crosses; high school teachers wear oak leaves. Moreover, a good Swedish wears a family ring on his forefinger, a professional ring on his middle finger and a wedding ring on his fourth finger.

**HAVE A HEART:** The human heart is constantly working on each return beat, after pumping the blood forward. Although only 5-10 ounces in weight, the human heart beats about 2,000,000 times in the life of a man who dies at the age of 80. You can get a good idea of your heart by looking at your fist. On the other hand, the simplest forms of life have no hearts at all. Insects and arthropods possess a primitive, unchambered heart. Hearts of fish have two chambers; those of frogs three, and only those of mammals, birds and humans four.

**THE RAZOR'S EDGE:** Latest in U.S. gadgets are nylon cloverhounds for electric razors. The nylon "sheath" is used as a connecting rod to transmit power from the motor to the cutter-blade. Weighing only one-eighth as much as metal, the nylon "sheath" still has the necessary



strength, prevents the transmission of shock from blade to motor and absorbs vibrations.

**ELECTRIC BOOKS:** Borrowing from the library with the speed of electricity will soon be a commonplace at the Oakridge National Laboratories (U.S.). A high-speed, long-distance teletype system has been installed to allow scientists at widely separated laboratories to consult library references without leaving their buildings. The system uses a tiny spot of light focused on the page to "read" the copy. This light is converted into electrical signals that are then transmitted over an ordinary telephone line. The recorder reproduces a clear, legible copy at the rate of 10 square inches a minute.

**ROCKET REPORTER:** "What's happened?" That's a question you won't ask a rocket after it gets back from the stratosphere. Accordingly, a mechanical stenographer now rides along, continuously recording temperature, air pressure, speed and the like on a sheet tape no wider than. Weighing 45 lbs. and sturdy enough to stand strong and lasting shocks, the 10-mile magnetic tape can take dictation of 200 hours of information simultaneously during a transoceanic flight.



"The first of the month is my pay, dear!"



## LONDE IN THE Belfrey

Guten, you should look who's happening in the Old Clock Tower at Meissen . . . there's a weird weirda wandering in the Glöckenspiel . . . she's seeking for her knight errant, so they say . . . seems like the knight has been wounded . . . the local cookhouse seems to be supplying the charms, anyway.



Is this you, you owl? . . . well, what'supwithby —? Ah, so sorry we worry . . . you're not here at all! Well, which way did he go feed — Thakoway? — why, the low-down harr, I'll teach him to run off on me — Oh off him . . . !





Put on love, isn't it wonderful . . . who's found him at last . . . and who said anything about love? . . . why, he's gorgeous . . . how divine . . . and he won't get out of her sight again. But is that sort of coronary . . . as don't you know him, you never eat, you . . . he's here. By the way, her name is Heidi.  
Suzanne Hall, *Anonymity*.

58 CAVAILAGE August 1951

## pointers to

### BETTER HEALTH

**SCHOOLING PAINS.**—Statistics show that teen-agers and young adults of today are much taller than their parents and grandparents. This increase in height would be a great boon if there were also an increase in width and strength. However, because there are no cameras or weights there is a lack of set to hold up the abdominal organs in their proper places, thus interfering with digestion and removal of wastes from the bowel. In such cases an abdominal belt will help keep abdominal organs in position, until muscles with longer straight gradually strengthen muscles so that bones will be necessary.

**HEART MURMURS.**—Though a heart murmur may be a symptom of severe heart disease, a great many murmurs are due to thickness of the blood. Many murmurs due to a defective valve of the heart do not endanger life. After a complete examination, the physician is able to tell the patient what he may expect in the days to come. He may show that, despite the murmur, there is little or no enlargement; that the murmur does not increase with exercise, and that the heart returns to normal a short time after exercise. The patient can then forget the murmur as he is likely to live as long as if he had no murmur.

**LIP CANCER.**—When a small sore appears on the lip, not much notice is taken of it as the blood supply there is good and the sore usually heals in a short time. However, cancer of the lip begins as a small sore, if the sore does not heal within two or three weeks in a middle-aged man or woman, there is a fair chance that the sore is cancer. Fortunately, cancer of the lip is easily treated by X-ray, radium or surgery. More than 75 per cent of all lip cancers can be cured if treated early. For those, however, who either fear fear or presentation—delay before seeking medical treatment—prolonged indifference may result. So don't hesitate if you're suspicious—go, see!

**WORRY.**—Worry is really chronic fear. Its beginning is a thin trickling of fear through the mind of unengaged, the curb a closed, late which all other thoughts are drawn. All people are afflicted with fear at times because fear is aroused by the emergencies, care and responsibility of life. When we are tired or hungry, our bodies large, when we are neither tired nor hungry, we can better face our problems. Through proper food and enough rest, the body helps to calm the mind.

# CINDERELLA MAN OF STOUSH

Even what looked like a real bumbos took a long time to down a peg with glass hands and iron jaw.

FRANK BROWNE



ON June the 2nd, 1923, in Chicago, a Heavyweight Champion of the World put his title on the line. His name was Jim Braddock.

Usually, when a Champion goes into the ring to defend his title, he is favorite in the betting. Braddock wasn't. The reason why he wasn't was that the man who was challenging him was a man on whom the mantle of greatness had already fallen. The Challenger was Joe Louis.

Never a big heavyweight, on that night Braddock was at least a stone and a half lighter than his challenger, Louis — at that stage was being touted as the most destructive puncher since Jack Dempsey.

Braddock moved right into Louis and the crowd, which had quite cheerfully laid 8 to 1 on the man who was already known as the Brown Bomber, were quite worried for the first few rounds.

Braddock hit hard enough and often

58 CAVAILLACE August, 1961

enough to keep Joe off balance constantly. It was only after the fifth round that the Challenger's two-fisted attack began to pay dividends.

At the end of the seventh round, Braddock went back to his corner a pretty badly battered man.

Joe Gould, his manager, and a man who had his interest at heart—which does not always mean the same—wanted Braddock to quit.

"I won it with them in the corner, and that's the place to lose it," said the Champion.

Braddock went out for the eighth round and Louis roared in with perhaps the last two-fisted attack that the boxing game has seen. A minute and a half later, Braddock was no longer World Champion.

He had won the title on an trailing and lost it the same way, but he brought nothing but glory on the somewhat somber scene of the ring.

The Braddock story was a story of a real Cinderella man.

He started fighting in 1918 and showed more than just an aptitude for the game. Back in the days when Braddock, Delaney, Loughren and other men knew what time it was when it came to fire and fighting, Braddock had made his debut.

His first year's boxing saw him pile up an impressive record. He scored 11 knockouts, including eight in one round.

The year 1921 saw him carry on the good work. He won 11 of his 13 bouts, five by clear-cut early knockouts.

It was in the last month of his third year of fighting that Jim Braddock dropped his first decision, a disputed 11 rounder with Joe Selsky, a rough and tough Brooklynite.

In 1923, Braddock started to have trouble with his hands. Of all the things that can happen to a boxer,

hand trouble is the worst. His record in that year reflected what had happened. He fought only nine times. Of these nine fights, four were won on knockouts. The remaining five were losses on points fights in which Braddock tried to score points without injuring his fingers and jarred hands. One of these fights, against Tommy Loughren, for the Light-heavyweight title, saw him do a narrow points decision, against a man who had far greater skill in the world.

Braddock's hands got steadily worse, till one loss fight only five times. One knockout win, a points decision, and three losses on points.

The next year saw things even worse. He fought ten times, and had to fight them under the weight handicap of fight he couldn't trust.

In the next two years, he was only six out of 11 fights and was knocked out for the first time, by Lou Nova.

More than ten knockouts were against him. The depression was now three years old. There were plenty of young, walking men offering, ready to have their hands knocked in for a few bucks. Braddock found that he couldn't get fights.

A few of those closest to him and held had a tough break. But hell, they come and go, and wasn't everybody finding things tough?

For seven years he fought his way up to very near the top—he had decisions over men like John Henry Lewis and Maxie Rosenbloom. But after seven years of battling, in 1931, Braddock's hands went back on him—which is about the same thing for a fighter as venereal virus for a showgirl.

The angry light-heavyweight who had a wife and three children to keep, went to work as a wharf laborer on a New Jersey dock. Shortly after

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that, with the depression as the third year, the New Jersey dogs, like their counterparts all over the world, became a force of revolution fomented and well-watched Bradstock went on record.

Perhaps the only two men as this state who remembered that Bradstock was a fighter, were Bradstock himself and Joe Griffin, a valuable little man who had been his manager.

Could never stoppage trying to get Bradstock a fight. In June, 1931, the unthinkable happened.

One Corn Griffin, an ex-soldier from Georgia, was being built up as a title hope. There is no doubt at all that those behind Griffin thought they saw in Bradstock a gopher pig upon whom Mr. Griffin could operate to his own advantage.

Mr. Griffin was not a really good fighter, but those behind him thought that he could be jazzed into a match. They knew that Bradstock had none here a name to compare with. They never thought it necessary to do any business with him, to make arrangements that would prevent anything going wrong.

Which was rather too bad for Mr. Griffin.

Things went wrong. The man on refect three punches hard and fast at the representative of the deep South and in the third round he applied an extremely hard right to Mr. Griffin's chin—which resulted in the referee ten seconds' knockout in that gentleman.

The night Bradstock impressed one good judge at least, Duncan Grayson. The biggestoted, fast-talking cut-throat said that he thought Bradstock might have a chance with anybody fighting at that time, up to, and including Champion Max Baer. Some people laughed, but not many. Remembered him right rather too often,

for argument in such matters.

People take a lot of convincing on the subject of pigs making a come-back and it was then announced of Bradstock that he fight Light-heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis.

Bradstock outpointed Lewis very closely in a pretty good fight. By now he was back in the press, and was even being considered as an outside prospect for a heavyweight title-bout.

In March, 1932, Bradstock fought Art Lasky and he suspended him clearly. This meant that a fight with Max Baer, the Champion, was a possibility. Max Baer was by no means as much a fool inside the ring as he was outside. His ten-round knockout of Max Schmeling in 1930 proved that he could punch.

Baer gave Bradstock a shot at the title on the 25th June, 1932. Bradstock got into the ring one of the longest passed Cheltenhams who were known. The odds on Baer were ten to one.

Thirty-five thousand people saw one of the great sports in ring history. Bradstock kept catching away from Baer's left right hand and picked away himself with his left, to pick up a commanding points win. In the referee's book the score was Bradstock nine rounds; Baer four rounds and two rounds even.

The man who had been offered up as a possible sacrifice had done good.

Unfortunately, right at his heels was Joe Louis, who had already cut a swathe through the remaining heavy-weight.

Bradstock got a surprise when Louis went down to Schmeling in 1936 in a fight that in its way was as big an upset as Bradstock's title win against Baer.

Schmeling deserved a fight for the title with Bradstock, but a growth

on Bradstock's hand prevented the fight taking place.

In the two years that elapsed between his winning the title and the fight set down against Lewis, Bradstock had earned only one dollar—what that was to see that his will and family were secure for the rest of their lives. He had visited the performances of exhibitions and everything else in which a Champion could legally make a dollar.

By the night in 1937, when Bradstock dashed into the ring to defend

his title, Bradstock was, perhaps for the first time in his entire career as a fighter, a man free from the fear of want.

He got into the ring a Champion with only the man in the opposite corner to worry about. Full of confidence, Bradstock probably knew as well as did the experts around that his chance with Louis was quite favorable, but in accordance with the best tradition of the ring, he went out and lost the title in the centre, where he had won it.

## SUPERIOR HEIGHTS

BY GILDED WILLIAMS



"THE PIRATE, ALREADY LATE FOR THEIR DINNER ENGAGEMENT, PAID A SERIOUS FOOD SHORTAGE WHEN HIS DISMISSED 'HELP' IN CHARGING HE HAD LEFT NOT ONLY THE KEY OF THE CAR, BUT THE FRONT AND BACK DOOR NOBS IN HIS OTHER SIDE."



## BEWARE OF AMATEUR HYPNOTISM

Mommy started it all . . . but more than a few quarks have got loose the past since those days.

**D**O NOT let an amateur experiment on you with hypnosis, let you find yourself in a spot similar to that of Ed Henderson. When young Henderson came to my office, he stated so freely that he had a hard time telling his story.

"I haven't been able to talk without stammering ever since," he told me.

Henderson's case was just another tragic result of amateur hypnosis. There have been others equally horrific. One girl failed to wake up on the alarm command. In another case an older man suffered broken bones when he was told that he was Tarzan of the Apes and acted accordingly.

Hypnosis, itself, is not dangerous when employed by an experienced

psychiatrist, just as surgery is not dangerous when performed by a skilled practitioner.

Unfortunately, hypnosis has a very large place in the bag of tricks used by amateur psychologists. The stage hypnotist puts on a dramatic performance. Naturally he is excited by amateur enthusiasm.

While much good is being done by qualified professionals, the haze, mystery and ignorance that surround hypnosis make many otherwise intelligent people after themselves at great pains for amateur experiments. If the volunteer subjects only knew some of the dangers involved, they would take great pains to make sure the hypnotist was well qualified.

There is nothing mysterious about hypnosis. It is simply a state of abnormal suggestibility. Most of us have been in such states many times without realizing that we had partially hypnotized ourselves.

Suppose, for instance, you want something very much—so much that you are able to think of nothing else. You go to bed at night thinking of the object of your desire, you dream about it at night, and you wake in the morning with the desire the only thought in your mind. During the day you constantly think of ways and means of attaining it until all other thoughts are erased from your mind and no conflicting suggestions are permitted to enter. This intense preoccupation is an example of a mild degree of self-hypnotism.

A professional hypnotist creates conditions and situations that produce an even more intense state of preoccupation. When he succeeds in closing his subject's mind to all suggestions except those that he makes, he has hypnotized his subject. Any intelligent person who thinks twice about this notion will realize how

dangerous it is for him to allow anyone else to have such power over him.

There is a great deal of controversy as to whether a person can be hypnotized against his will. This is still a debatable point, with proponents offering "proof" on both sides.

Some contend that once a person has been hypnotized, he is thereafter subject to involuntary hypnosis. Others contend that he can be hypnotized against his will only by the one who put him in the original trance. Still others insist at the idea that a person can be hypnotized if he is supposed to it.

Nearly all agree, however, that the normal state of sleep can be changed to that of hypnosis without the sleeper's consent or knowledge.

There has been a lot of talk about whether a person under hypnosis will act contrary to his usual moral standards. I believe this question is academic. No normal person, under hypnosis or otherwise, will do anything that he knows is absolutely wrong; but common sense has showed us how often and how easily some people make "wrong" choices right. What is wrong in one situation may not be wrong in another.

Therefore, it must be obvious that a hypnotist, by suggesting the existence of the appropriate situation, can induce a subject to do almost anything. I do not know of any cases where a hypnotist has told his subject to kill someone in cold-blood, but this possibility is not absent under hypnosis.

Along this line, Dr. L. W. Roseland at Tulane University conducted two interesting experiments using invisible glass. Several hypnotized subjects were told to reach into a box where an angered rat snake lay coiled ready to strike. The students

tried hard to carry out the order, which could have been fatal if they had not been protected by the glass, which they did not know was there.

In another experiment one of the subjects was told to throw a glass of water over Dr. Newland's face. The subject did so he was ordered, apparently not realizing the doctor's face was protected by invisible glass.

Audie from the danger that the hypnotist may be unscrupulous—and certainly the type of man who becomes an amateur hypnotist is not likely to have a stable personality—there is a greater danger in the amateur's ignorance.

The amateur likes to experiment with hallucinations and may force or fail to arrest such sensations. Hallucination is the same given to perceptions that have no corresponding external object, unless those perceptions are recognized to be visual dreams.

G. H. Rutledge reports a case in which a man was convinced that a black dog was following him. No one else could see it. This individual was suspected of being mentally ill until it was discovered that a hypnotist had suggested the hallucination.

Besides the danger that the operator may be unscrupulous, or even unscrupulous, there may be an even greater danger to the subject's health. Under intense hypnotic suggestion a person may, for instance, become "blind" or "dead." The hypnotist can suggest that he will not feel pain. That absence, or absence of pain, may be induced in any part of the body such as an arm or leg, while the rest of the body remains normally responsive.

This is fine in the hands of experi-

enced doctors, but when amateur hypnotists attempt to relieve people of unexplained pains, they are turning off nature's warning signal. It is easy to see how an amateur with only good intentions might inhibit the feeling of pain from an infected appendix.

Another phase of hypnosis that the amateur operator likes to experiment with is post-hypnotic suggestion. During such suggestion the operator orders the subject to perform some specific thing at a future time, when he is in the waking state. This may be set for weeks, months, or even years in advance.

Such suggestions act as compulsions. The subject will, apparently, carry them out, although afterward he will recognize that he has made a fool of himself.

Many troubled people, hoping for a short cut to end their trouble, turn to hypnosis. Some alcoholics, for instance, look to hypnosis for relief. Undoubtedly, hypnosis helps them for the simple reason that, although the suggestion to arrest their cravings is intense while it lasts, it cannot be made to last long.

They would be wise to stay away from the amateur hypnotist, especially the one who through garish advertising guarantees a quick cure for all physical and mental ills. Take the case of Georgia K., whose severe tics had made themselves felt through the physical hypnosis of functional dementia. An amateur hypnotist "cured" Georgia of her disabilities for a short time, only to have her hysterical return later in the form of a crippling paralysis.

In the hands of a bungling amateur, it can be explosive. Don't be a gullible pin. Don't play with hypnotism.



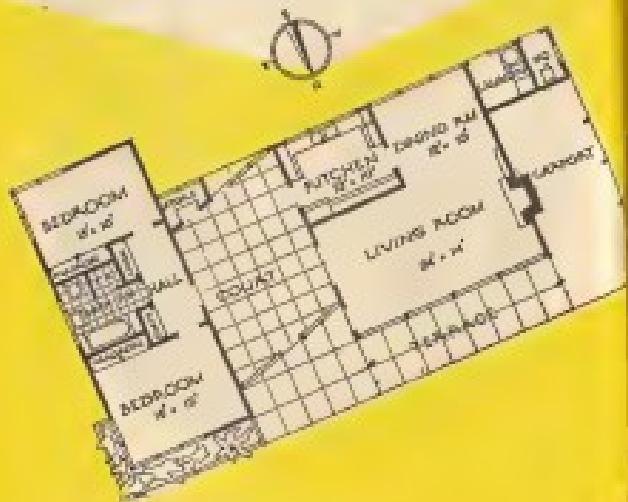
"I have a surprise for you people to-day—I'm depending."

# A HOUSE FOR A

# HOT-WEATHER CLIMATE

THE HOUSE OF THE MONTH (No. 10)

PREPARED BY W. TUTSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



Although a very large portion of the Commonwealth of Australia lies within the Tropic and the Southern Tropic zones, little has been done to develop a suitable house for these hotter districts. Here CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for this problem.

The house is grouped about a central court which resembles the breezeway of the American Cape Cod House. Fleeced with concrete or tiles and with opening glass doors or glass wire screens at the two ends, this provides an area which is always cool and breezy. At one side are grouped the two bedrooms with a central bathroom, while, on the other side, are the living room, dining room and kitchen. A car port on the western end of the house provides protection from the hot afternoon sun.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 80 feet and the floor area is 1,365 square feet.

# *the "Bitch of Buchenwald"*

CHARLES V. HEMD



Her specialty was sexual torture; her weapon was her body; her victims slaves to a Nazi prison-camp

NOT so long ago, a plump, frumpy, middle-aged woman whose only resembling claim to beauty was a map of coquettish red hair, sat complacently in a courtroom at Augsburg, Germany.

The charge against her was murder and sexual sadism, committed against helpless concentration-camp inmates during the war. Specifically, she was accused of torturing the master of 65 of her own countrymen, the attempted murder of 125 more, and the

torture of countless thousands of others.

To once-beautiful Ilse Koch, widow of the commandant of infamous Buchenwald, that was an old story. She had faced it all nearly five years before, when she was tried on similar charges before an American military tribunal.

She slumped back in her chair, her eyes feverishly roving the courtroom that teemed with hate. None of the sexually perverted women known the length and breadth of the land as "The Bitch of Buchenwald," here at this ortho-field of Nazis.

stared back at her, she had been shot . . .

Now with her own hands she had whipped prisoners to death, or set good dogs on them to tear them to pieces, for her amusement . . .

How she had compelled hideous, young prisoners to satisfy her perverse sexual lust, and nail them to be electrocuted when she became bored . . .

How she had prisoners stripped naked, selecting those with interesting bodies for extermination so that she could convert their skins into lampshades, bookbindings and carpet articles . . .

For these crimes she had been sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1945 the U.S. Military Government leniently commuted her sentence to four years of hard labor. And a year later, in 1949, she was released.

Now Ilse was being tried by her own people. So suddenly was the of cognition that at the beginning she paid scant attention to the precision of men with tortoise-tinted bodies and souls, the planks from the concentration camp who now took the witness stand to denounce her. Day after day she sat in the courtroom, contentedly munching bon-bons, gazing idly out of the window.

But as the testimony piled up, as details after detail of torturing cruelty and horror went into the record and the underlying hatred of the witnesses was communicated to judges, lawyers and spectators alike, she round herself and began to pay close attention to the proceedings.

She slumped back in her chair, her eyes feverishly roving the courtroom that teemed with hate. None of the sexually perverted women known the length and breadth of the land as "The Bitch of Buchenwald," here at this ortho-field of Nazis.

Only then did her composure crack, only then did she break down and weep.

When court adjourned for the weekend, and she was locked up again in the Auschwitz women's cell, in the solitude of her cell her conscience arose to accuse her. For a whole day and a night she paced back and forth, a bout of bay. Finally gave way to her pent-up emotion, she went hysterical.

Screaming obscenities, she broke furniture. Over and over again she shrieked.

"I am guilty! I am guilty! I am a sinner!"

In a state of acute shock and terror, she was rushed to Augsburg Hospital and placed in a strait-jacket.

When the victorious Allies marched into Germany, the hideous sounds of the Nazi concentration camps at long last reached the outside world.

In 1948 thirty-one men and women were placed on trial for atrocities committed at the Buchenwald camp. Chief among the defendants was Ilse Koch.

The evidence against her was conclusive.

It was testified that her husband, SS Col. Karl Koch, was an early Nazi and intimate friend of Hitler. In 1937 he had been given command of Buchenwald. With him he brought his wife Ilse, then 31, also and inseparable.

A principal witness at the trial was Lt. Gen. Edward Morgan, former SS investigator, prosecutor and judge. In 1945 he testified he had been detailed to investigate charges of brutality and corruption at the camp. The result was a 50-page confidential report to high Nazi officials.

In it Lt. Morgan asserted that Col. Koch had committed genocide,

Ah, wedded bliss! Home-wrecker husband finds wife in arms of other angle of sexual triangle. "No," grunts Interloper breathily, "well, I love her and she loves me, we will play cards for her I win, you divorce her; yes sir, TE never see her again; what'll it be—sin running?" "Okay" agrees husband dazedly. "And what about a pony? A pony to make things interesting?"

But Frau Koch was a "moral typhus, wholly incurable." She was a "perverted, nymphomaniacal, hysterical, power-mad demon." She potentially had caused the death of hundreds of prisoners.

He charged her with adultery with many of the personnel, especially with the camp doctor Waldmann (Hausen Gaule sentenced to death at Nuremberg).

"I discovered that Dr. Koch was the most hated person, not only in the camp, but also in the area surrounding Buchenwald. She was hated not only by the prisoners but by other Germans, their wives and the families of all SS-men stationed there."

Another witness, Kurt Thiel, testified that he was young, blood and handsome when he arrived at the camp. Dr. Koch had packed him out of the linens, forced him to satisfy her sexual cravings and to submit to "all kinds of performances." When she tired of him, she had him sent to the extermination bunker.

Here he was subjected to various medical experiments by Dr. Koch's lieutenants, Dr. Novak. Blinded, paralysed and half-dead, he finally was spirited out of the camp by the underground, and thus lived to testify against his former mistress.

Still another ex-prisoner described a typical incident at the camp:

"The witness and an Austrian priest were digging a ditch outside the main compound. Their hands were slightly above the ground level. Frau Koch commanded them to look up. When they kept on working, she brushed them with sticks. Look up!" she ordered again.

"They did. She was shot only in a leather and shorts. Nothing else. With a whip she beat them about the hand until they were bloody. Then she separated them for visually-horrible liaisons with her personal. More beatings by SS guards followed."

Two hours stopped the testimony of Peter Zerkel, former Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, as he told the story of the mortification of body and soul at Buchenwald. He survived.

"Dr. Koch lived only for murder, lust and last."

In the midst of all this testimony, the rehabilitated defendant sat unmoved, unrepentant — and highly pregnant. Officials prodded themselves ingenuitatively as to how she accomplished this last while in prison awaiting trial.

It is said that her lawyer co-operated, at a price, to shield the gallows. "There is no convincing evidence that she selected inmates for extermination in order to secure tattooed skins (for hangmounds or other personal articles) or that she possessed any articles of human skin," a review

of the case by the U.S. Judge Advocate's office stated in 1945, recommending a commutation of Dr. Koch's sentence.

When her trial before a German court opened, State Prosecutor Max Ilseb handed a half-dozen pieces of tattooed human skin to the chief judge and six jurors. One piece, about 20 by 26 inches in size, was adorned with pictures of bats and dragons in vivid colors.

This came from the chest of a man murdered at Buchenwald at the request of the defendant, the prosecutor said.

Witness Joseph Aderscott, 34, testified that he had worked in the doctors' department at Buchenwald for seven years. He said that hundreds of such skins were taken from the bodies of murdered prisoners, and "tanned." On one occasion, he testified, Frau Koch put her collection of tattoos on exhibit; they filled a table 20 feet long.

As he testified, he looked directly at Dr. Koch. She responded, lowered her eyes and studied the floor.

Witnesses told of maimed men with bullet holes in the front of their heads, firing as "shot in the back while trying to escape."

They described the "Singing Stones"—scores of Jewish prisoners forced to drag heavy rocks at a run and sing at the top of their lungs, for Dr. Koch's amusement.

They told of prisoners dying from lack of shelter, while Dr. Koch had a private riding academy built a little way from the main compound. It was lined with mirrors, a platform at one end held an SS band. While the prisoners had the band played and the role bar bares, admiring herself in the mirror.

As they piled a mountain of

soups around her, the lawyer, Mr. middle-aged defendant realized that this time her lawyer could not save her.

These were her own people, and they knew only too well what had gone on behind the walls of the concentration camp where she had reigned as queen for six years.

When she denied any knowledge of what actually happened at Buchenwald, they laughed sarcastically; when she presented her instances of say stabs, they jeered at her.

There was only one way out: insanity.

To the hospital at Augsburg where Dr. Koch lay some two psychiatrists. At the beginning of her interview with Dr. Rudolph Engert, she spoke an act. But when she realized that he was unpersuaded, she quieted down and asked for a cigarette.

"I know I must pay for my sins, and for the deaths of other people," she said. "Please do you won't send me to an insane asylum?"

He proceeded.

Dr. Albert Sigmund found her completely normal.

The next day, supported by two policemen, she was brought into court for a continuance of her trial. As she heard the two psychiatrists attest her sanity, she slumped in her chair.

Judge Martin ordered her removed from the court. She got as far as the door, then turned and addressed the court.

"I was only drunkard," she said. She turned and walked back to her chair, unconscious.

The time for drinking was over. Ahead of the depraved "Bitch of Buchenwald" lay the end of the road, and there stood the Dark Angel of Retribution, in his hand the flaying sword of Justice.



**Social Heat:** Always turn up early at story parties, a good start is half the battle • Which reminds us that some men never home because 'tis the only place still open late at night • Whenever the Office Clerk is inspired to remark that honest penury are rarely married men • And that naturally leads us to a woman we know: she's mad about gowns; she sterilizes or filters everything in the house; even her love for her husband is sterilized • Night-club jottings: If you wish to make a peach cocktail, buy her a drink • Domestic Bliss Division: There was once a man who couldn't stop himself buying credulity; he was married to a smashing blonde • The only thing wrong with some smart children is that they don't meet in the right place • A Hollywood actress is shortly to be married for the fourth time . . . the happy man, of course, is her third husband • Science Section: An anthropologist claims that cannibals are always very hospitable . . . fond of having people for dinner, no to speak, eh? • The Doctor Who-Wich Tell: A surgeon is a character who takes the blame for the family doctor's errors in diagnosis • Then, for some obscure reason, reviving memory of a New Australian who had just heard of surgery: he was ping because he couldn't get a pass through the National Health Scheme • Spirit for Sports: Our Office Quartermaster recently asked an inoffensive barmaid for a pint of beer; the immediately handed him a big one • A social statistician complains bitterly to us that horse-riding gives her a pain in the neck . . . the most ride a horse differently from most people • Electrical Notes: A shop is called so because it's generally to be found on the bones of a small • Calling Cards: Books are M.R.B. • In Parliament, a member can say exactly what he thinks! . . . now we know why so many of them remain silent • Juvenile Delinquent Department: A Vice-Crime is no often an effort to fill up an ocean by tossing stones overboard • Financial Forecast: These days, when it comes to used cars, it's hard to drive a bargain • Local Advertising: "Simpia girls, good quality girls, with last clink of sales; money-fattening food; price an outstanding feature!" \*

**OUR SHORT STORY:** Try the poor male! When a man is born, people exclaim "How's his mother?"; when he's married, they push. "What a clever bride!" When he dies, they mutter. "How much did he love her?"



LONELY NORTH KING HAD A DILAPIDATED INCOME BUT PRESERVED THE SOUL OF A SUCCESSFUL BUT UNCONVENTIONAL WOMAN. UNQUOTE. SHE'S ONE OF THOSE WHO HAVE SPENT ALL THEIR LIFE TRYING TO GET ON TOP OF THE WORLD, AND ALL THEY CAN DO IS SPEND IT IN THE HOLLOW OF THE SHOULDERS. SINCE SHE'S A SIGHT OF MANY DISINTERESTED OLD OR YOUNG MEN.



ARMED AT KISMET COVE  
AS YOU CAN SEE, LATELY  
KATHY, MARILYN NAME  
TAKES THE TROUBLE IN  
CARRYING HER CLOTHES...



AND DECIDED SHE WAS  
TOO EXPOSED DURING THE  
BATHERS ON HER DARK  
CLOTHES BEFORE THE  
HOTSPRING PICTURE...

HAVING MADE THE DISASTROUS  
WATER-CARRIED SWIM OF  
THE SEA



IT IS EASY TO LAUNCH  
A BOAT IN THAT COUNTRY.  
BUT HOW MANY HOLIDAY  
MANNERS WHO DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WEATHERS  
— OR SHIPS —



RIGHT NOW MATH FIGURES  
A CHANCE OF SAVING  
THE LAUNCH; LATER THIS  
SWELLING SEA WILL MAKE  
THAT IMPOSSIBLE.



LAUNCHING DOWN THE HELM  
WITH A THROW-A LINE  
TO THE DISTRESSED  
LAUNCH A MAN CATCHES IT



KATH SAYS SHE HAS A CREW,  
AND SHE'S RESPONSIBLE



SHE IMMEDIATELY  
CALLS HER NEW CREW  
TO TAKE THE WHEEL  
WHILE SHE ARRANGES  
THE TOW



AS THE LAUNCH DIES  
KATH'S SONG RESONATED,  
SHE'S HAD IT HAPPEN  
BEFORE . . .



— THIS TIME SHE FINDS  
HIMSELF INTERLUDED  
BETWEEN THE DEEP SEA  
AND THE DEVIL . . .



WE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE  
WITH THE SWELL LAST NIGHT  
TO RESCUE. WE WANT  
A CHAIFT WE CAN  
LIE ON LIKE THIS



THIS IS HOLIDAY OR  
FREEDOM OR BOTH, BUT  
KATH IS A PRISONER IN  
A CELL SHE KNOWS



IT IS EASY TO GET OUT  
OF THE WET CLOTHING



THROUGH THE HATCHOLE  
BOTH SEES THE LADY  
AS SHE PLAYS A COULEE  
FOR THE CHILDREN WITH  
THEIR BEACH PAPER....



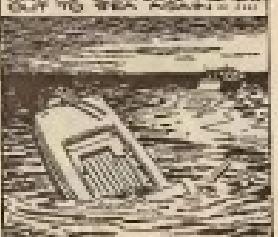
FROM THIS HATCHOLE ON THE  
COUCH, SHE PLAYS A COULEE  
FOR THE CHILDREN WITH  
A RETAINED HALL ALONE....



THROUGH THE HATCHOLE ON  
THE COUCH, SHE PLAYS A COULEE  
FOR THE CHILDREN WITH  
A RETAINED HALL ALONE....



THE SONGS, SOMETIMES  
LULLABIES, OR SOFTLY SINGED  
BY THE COUCH, HEAD...



WHILE SHE FINISHES HER  
SCHOOL HOMECOMING DRESS,  
THREE OUT, SHE MEANS  
TO GET THE CLOTHES  
OUT OF HER CHILDREN --  
BUT WHERE?



EVEN GIRL WHO THINKS  
IT'S IMPORTANT...



A CHILD WHO DRAWS A  
BOAT HAS TO SEE UNPRED-



LISTENING TO THE COUP-  
ONATION OUTSIDE,  
MOTHER SINGS THE SONG  
THAT'S ON THE COUCH...



THE CHILDREN, THALASSO  
STRIKE AT LONG HEAD, A  
DEFEATED SHIP THAT  
FALLED DOWN THE COAST  
FROM KENNEDY COVE....



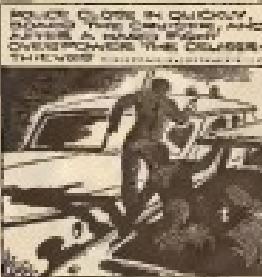
WHEN THIS DAEL  
COMES HOME THAT STEERS  
THE COUCHES WILL  
BE LADY SONGS....



UNQUOTEING THE SONG  
THAT'S ON THE COUCH  
MOTHER SINGS THE SONG  
THAT'S ON THE COUCH  
THAT'S ON THE COUCH...







"AT THE SAME TIME THE  
SOUND OF A PISTOL BURSTS.

A FIGHT POLICE UNION  
WITH A GUNMAN WHOSE PATH  
TOOK PLUNCHED MURKADY."

"POLICE CLOUTS IN DUTCHMAN  
THROWN THIS DUTCHMAN ALSO  
OFFERS A ROAD SIDE  
COURTESY TO THE DUTCHMAN  
THAT'S HOW IT IS."

"WITH HEHHE THE POLICE  
EXPLAIN THAT THE DUTCH  
FOLK THEM ALLEGEDLY TO  
WANTED TO PROTECT  
THE DUTCHMAN AND THE  
DUTCHMAN WAS SO CLOSE."

"THE MAN IS GOING TO THE  
BRANCH OF THE DUTCHMAN, HIS  
MOTIVE IS UNKNOWN, BUT THE  
DUTCHMAN IS GOING TO  
GET A PROTECTION  
TODAY."

"I HOPE WE'LL GET ANOTHER  
ACCIDENTED, I TELL YOU,  
MUTH THE DUTCHMAN."

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# WINNER TAKE ALL!

WHEN YOU'VE MADE A KILL AT  
BACCARAT AND YOUR FRIENDS  
RUN OUT ON YOU . . . WHAT?

CEDRIC E. MENTIPLAY • FICTION

PINKY HALLAM liked dry lips and walked on quickly. It was dark in the narrow street—dark with a sinister broken blackness when a man wanted light and crowds and laughter. He wondered whether he could have put a twist from the piano, whether he was a fool to have decided against it. He was new to the city, but the chances were that any long-established baccarat school would provide protection. A high-packing job was always bad for trade.

Pinky was a skin little fellow with a pale freckled face and red hair; an outcropping of it on his upper lip shone in the ragged lamplight

like pale flame. He was also a sharp dresser for a change, for part of his recently-redeemed gravity had gone on the smooth white leather hat and pastel-grey gabardine outfit which looked so out of place in this broken-down suburb.

It wasn't a good idea, that suit, he decided. For one thing, it gave him the appearance of a sheep in wolf-skin, while making him feel the opposite. The rest of his gravity had been stamped for a little western with Bob Harrington, one of the old gang, who had plotted the location of some first-class trochaus beds off the northern coast. Now he

had been fool enough to have been smooth-talked into a raid on the baccarat school he couldn't really explain right now.

That should have been the end of his money—maybe it would still work out that way. But the game would have been straight. He rode a beam of luck from the outset, and under those circumstances it wasn't Pinky's habit to limit the risks. When at last the run changed, Pinky hauled out snapping the veins from his face with his new silk handkerchief.

Now he looked behind him into the darkness. So the game was straight—but that didn't necessarily

The sparkling edge of glass won at his throw.

go for all the players. There was that shark citizen, Vince Barr, and his enforcer Ross Morris, who had introduced him to the setup in the first place. Where were they now? Why had they stuck out when he was cashing his chips? Why should a man's friends desert him when he was on the winning end? It didn't make sense—except one way.

It was a way that Pinky didn't like . . . not at all . . . it added up to things he didn't care to think of . . . but he knew that those things happened.

Pinky knew fish has tongue flicking over his lips. The snows of his



neck seemed to tighten like cords. He dragged in a handful of the night air and coughed harshly.

The dark shadows seemed to move and crawl . . . crawl . . . bloody imagination . . . but he had to prevent himself from braining his eyes.

He brushed the front of his coat. The rest of notes spelled the fit of blood and every note was the red-tawny colour of heavy money. Something else was there, a stiff envelope. He pulled it out. It was his reply to Bob Simpson, enclosing the cash. He had not felt weaker that day in past 15-and here it was, not even stamped or sealed.

As he walked, his ears tamed the footsteps behind him, a vehicle swung into the street ahead. He passed, then turned quickly so he saw it was a Post Office van. It was slow now, pulling in towards where its headlights showed a red box by the kerb. He looked down at the letter in his hand. A good thing. One away off his road, anyway, and maybe they could get him out of here, back to a main street.

He moved down the road, losing a little of his tension to be near the post office. It would be a nice thing. The two men on the truck were doing a quick job, clearing out the few letters in the box. He was still fifty yards away when he heard the last click in. The truck motor rumbled. He folded the envelope flap as he ran, sealing it with hasty fingers.

"Hoy! Hang on!" he gasped. The truck slowed so that he came alongside. "What is it, mate?" eye of the iron school.

"A letter. Honest." The man reached out and took it. "You will fit fine sir? Shall be right."

He was about done now. "Hang on! Can you give me a lift? Pre-"

The truck sped up. "Sorry, Dan. Reparations say no passengers. We'd be out on our ear, sort? The money manager to take a chance Harry?"

Pinky stopped dead at the realising as the truck hit top gear. The twilight blashed and flickered as the vehicle dipped and swerved out of sight. The road was dark and empty again. Harry?

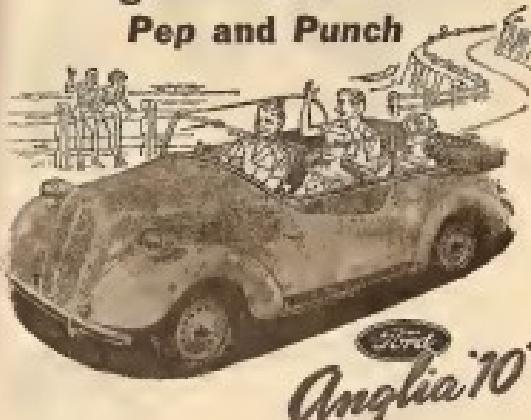
The footsteps! He heard them plainly for a moment, the quick pace of a running man. Then, quite suddenly, they checked. Away off behind him movement danced in a thin shaft of moonlight. Then all was still again.

Pinky walked on. It was true; then he was being shadowed by at least one man. His spirit had started his partner into breaking cover, but now he was back again, a skilled performer, skulking in the darkness. Pinky wondered why he hadn't already been jumped. This seemed as good a place as any. It occurred to him that it was the only way back from the school, that perhaps it was also close. When the news of the robbery, murder, whatever it would be, came out in the papers, the bazaar crew would know a fair idea as to who had done the job. Big Joe Simpson wouldn't like it.

Pinky had a swift picture of Big Joe as he saw him just half an hour ago, hunched over the roll of tobacco, Joe was broad, and broad despite his thin skin, and his grin wasn't too forced as he said: "See young fellow? We run it straight, but it doesn't pay off any other way. Well give it back out yet, see if we don't. The customer always comes back. Take care of yourself!"

He came to a cross street now, and there were a few more lights. Shop windows glowed merrily. He

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# PHOTOPLAY

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS



lawned belt. On the other side of the street two figures emerged from a doorway and were gone into the darkness. Sometime about the shoulders of one of them remained him of Vince Ross. He passed, whispering under his lowered brows as he carefully lit a cigarette. Presently a man emerged from the road up which he had come. The man hesitated on the corner, and was joined almost immediately by another. They were not as careful as they had been. The trap was set.

Pinky felt like a man crossing a deep river on the thinnest ice. He was in a vacuum, with trouble right and left. All he had was time, and not much of that. Dally, that was the thing. Almost as soon as he saw the dim sign of the saloonship he was moving towards it.

It was a gloomy little place, lit by two barefoot lamps. Pinky moved haphazard into one of the pale plywood booths, wondering how long they would take to find him. The proprietor, a squat, blue-jawed man who might have been a Greek, stepped on silent feet and made passes at the picked table-top with a gaudy cloth. Pinky ordered pie and coffee. He kept his eyes on a fly-blown mirror at the back of the shop which reflected the doorway.

It seemed a long time before they came. The coffee was before him and he was forcing himself to drink it when the two shadows loomed in the opening. He kept huddled forward, hoping. The steps came up to him quite slowly, passing by his side and then moving on. Two men did not the next opposite him — Vince Ross and Ross Morris.

"In a hurry, Pinky?" Vince's voice was soft, but his eyes held in them a dangerous intensity which Pinky had noticed earlier that night.

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Pinky has his usual mistakes.  
"Not-as," exactly," he stammered.  
"Never mind either—"

"Latin American Poetry"

Frank gulped. "I—I don't quite get you, Yance. I—I thought you left—"

"Sure we left. We're on the other side of town, now?" We're two others

Boek kant bedienet al. Tante mocht

He had been a good boy, though, details which had escaped him before. Head-ach mouth, pencil-hair mustache, thin fingers with a measured skin, stretching on the table. A steady operator. Vaseline or a cold oil, he'd say. He'd have a gun, but he'd be too young to have ever killed, even legally. Maybe the toughest in his line was a small Mykka. But he was nothing but a close-mouthed kind.

The story, "Vestal Girls and Her."

"Grew?" The left hand stopped at his chest. The right had scarcely moved, but the cold ring of a pinstripe suit now pressed over the edge of the table.

Pinky forced himself to look away from it, to watch the eyes. They were too bright and full of life to be what they seemed. Narrows, perhaps—

"All right, Vane," he said weakly.  
"We need to get over it's in that  
pocket. You know, I haven't got a  
car."

He lowered his coffee-cup slowly, as if afraid of the automatic hand it would upon him. The right hand reached up for his coat's breast-pocket. At the same time his fingers seemed to will and slide down to the past. Venus' lip curled in contempt. It was no easy, he didn't really need the man. Like taking candy.

Then the park played till exploded upwards. Driven by two long bats, it tilted and crashed into the

base of the ganglion. Vireo's planarian went up with it, until a thin freckled hand looked itself about his wrist. In a moment he was flying through space, to bring up with panting difficulties against the partition.

Pinky had lost his hat. His red hair was like a torch as he went in to the attack, and for this they were cheered, both in a fighting grin. Nothing rabbit-like about this new—a short fighting force of a man, going in for the kill, glorying in the action that was heading ahead him.

Then struggled out of the weight of the partition and crawled back for his revolver. A dart too flicked it away from him. Heavy feet landed on his exposed face, splitting his lip, tearing a gash above his right eye. The intention for Rafe to get out of it, for the others—

"Never carry a gun unless you can use it." Pinky was summarizing as best she could. "Then you better use it."

He turned as Bob came in. His hand twitched amongst the wreckage, and his eye caught the glint of steel in the big man's fist. Then he was driving to meet the gunboat half-way. He had held a stout bottle by the neck, and his hand was in top it so that the bottom was all worn or bent almost

Bob recovered over him, staggering painedly — and then Bob was looking into a vacant, stark terror in his eyes. His right arm was bare to the elbow and bleeding down a long gash. The sparkling edge of the glass was at his throat.

Perry held it for a moment, gazing thoughtfully. Then he tossed the bottle off as if it were

"Well, you asked for it," he observed. "Better just say here quietly until I'm up the road a bit."



**Only the eldest son could marry**

The Nambutin Brahmins of Malabar practiced the strange custom of "Hemogamy."

All mentioned, there highly centralized institutions seem to be the most effective service, top public governmentality theory version. While new media are very flexible, taking governmentality by example related to a platform or known design, media protocols, the more permeable media seem like more complicated. The rules of protocols often become

The situation, and of their right, the  
said wife, Iyanu, to accept, she  
has nothing to do with such a matter.  
The husband, however, can never  
be compelled to give up his wife  
but may be induced to marry under certain  
conditions which do not apply to the others.

In Ibadan, the Munguno (Emperor of  
Mokoko) held that only the object of  
marriage should be money, he said a man could not  
have a wife if his children were not  
provided for him, he had no wife, and  
therefore he should be entitled to a  
woman. By the first-hands it is responded  
that the fulfillment of divine law  
and the accompanying term are surely the other half  
of justice.

The last 10 days have been very bad, so we daily prepared for dinner at 10pm, but as there has, in turn, been such bad "dinner" for about 10 days now, for this reason John and I have decided to eat dinner at the same

possible, some often have several wives simultaneously, should be clean and gay without disturbing a male officer, the "clique" reverted to the former, who then conveniently transferred them, as to the commandant of the national guard . . . and so on."

"What about the younger men? These past fifteen, can take full place of the older ones now, but are excluded from Paul's father's inheritance?"  
Sister H. says right religious aspect of property has no absolute worth and price itself does. By everything else, the entire scope of the actual size of each generation, the family property is well distributed through the years and not changing ownership discontinuous, as would be the case if the older were not endowed.

Modern civilization requires no more than common courtesy. Therefore like the Amish once every man before you probably has the experience yourself of an individual with whom you have had trouble. In such cases, however, giving it up at an early stage is the best way of avoiding trouble. Generally speaking, the Amish are very much like their neighbors. Life outside is a constant source of testing plus anxiety, and this is the key to their apprehension concerning their free and independent life. Offenses against law policies to test every need in every place.

114

He turned as the proprietor came yelling out of his living place. Two more men were coming through the door—older men, with their hands in their pockets.

Pinky brushed past the Greek, his hands held wide. These fellows weren't bad. It looked as if he was playing the senior team.

" Haven't I met you blisks before?" he asked. "D'you like card games—because, for instance?"

One of the newcomers had a long nose across his chest. He looked at his broken nose with suspicion. "Knowin' little Dutch, eh?" he?

"Don't call me yours with Vines and Bates!" snarled Pinky. "What's the idea of robbing the kids in front?"

Souleus cursed. Both his fists were in the open now. That meant no stage.

Pinky let him in a long drive, a shoulder to the greater. As Souleus staggered, he went between them like an oil. Four steps, and he was in the street again, wondering why he didn't have a bullet in the back by now. The street was deserted, though. There'd been enough racket to bring a crowd around to any ordinary neighbourhood.

Then he was sprinting for his hide down the street. In the distance there were lights, and traffic flashed by on a main highway. Hissing footsteps sounded behind him, well back. There were no shots—yet.

He risked a look behind. Two men were after him, one with a lamp. That would be Souleus. A car burst out of a side street and came past them at a fast pace. It was a taxi. He swung into the road and waved it down. It stopped up alongside and for a moment he was blinded by the headlights. Then a door opened and he piled on, gasping.

"Thanks, whatever you are," he

grunted, clicking low the next "V."

"You've had quite a night, young feller. Made the best of it, too!"

Dig Joe Simpson was grinning at him from a distance of three feet. His fat face was like a grapefruit, and he quivered like a jelly. The driver was laughing too as he pulled in towards the hotel. Pinky turned himself for another bid. He threw the door open, and found himself looking straight into the face of Horatio and Brothers-Moss.

"Gentle, lad!" croaked Dig Joe. "We're all friends together. What's the score, boys?"

Souleus looked dazedly at Pinky before he replied. "We talked 'em, as you said, Ross. Thought some people would try something. We dined two of them before they got to the coffee shop. Then we hung on—so that I'd done the other two. Then I took to us, the ungrateful skit."

Pinky felt suddenly deflated. "Then you were on my side?" he murmured.

"As I told you, lad," Dig Joe said. "It's a straight game, sir! Robbery's bad for trade. We'll get it back out yet, right enough—over the miff!"

Pinky sighed. "No show of steel. I'm heading north with a rubber truck. The raw goes in the tank."

"Good for you, Dig," Joe remarked. "I was in France myself, the first time. Put nose into this business. Doing all right. But I'll tell you what—I'll bring a smile for you until the bank opens. What say?"

Pinky flushed with embarrassment. "As a matter of fact, I can't. I buried it into an unopened letter addressed to Bob Simpson and gave it to the Post Office Station. Even he can't get it until he forks out for the penalty stamp. It's good as registered!"



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THE C OF O ROAD — THE IRON PIPELINE



BILL MORGAN • FICTION

Even an assembly line has efficient methods to make murder run with a perfect smoothness

# C RIME SLIPS A COG

EARL FANNIN stood resentfully at the assembly belt that crawled endlessly like a flat snake along the top of his bench. In another minute he'd have to reach out his hands and insert little dimension valves in each of the heads riding the back of that snake. A simple task but a distraction; it would draw his mind from

the question of how best to face his showdown with Ben Kelsey.

Time was important now. Kelsey was no fool. It wouldn't take him long, once he started working at the plant again, to discover what had been going on for a year and a half. Then the firewalls would start. Those assumed soldiers were tough customers when it came to the subject of their valves.

A pattern of small beads gleamed on Fannin's upper lip as he thought

about it. It wasn't enough that he and Elsie Kelsey had been running together for better than a year now, recklessly and in the open. There was the money Ben had been sending back from the Pacific, to be banked, as a post-war nest egg. There were the bonds Elsie had cashed on

She had shared the cost of the good times they'd had together. Now the times were over. Ben had been home for three frustrating days.

The moving assembly belt caught Fannin's attention.

He accepted valves from the bin and started inserting them in. He didn't stop when he'd caught up with himself, but left his chair and worked backward along the moving belt until a dozen turnips were lined in advance. That would give him another breathing spell, more time to think about the measure of Ben Kelsey.

He returned to his chair and glanced at the clock above the bench. It was 1:30. He saw the motion over his head, but not in time to move. The fast whirred seized light through his head, right closed in.

When Earl Fannin finally opened his bleared eyes, he had a bad score. The face that room above him, slowly blurring and dissolving, suddenly came into clear focus. It was Ben Kelsey. Fannin twisted against the floor, tried to scream.

Kelsey clutched at him, more harsh than could belong to Kelsey or any other one man. A voice said, "Take it easy, lad." The smell of whisky was suddenly raw in his nostrils. He felt the stuff burning his mouth, dribbling on his chin.

"Don't let him get out," he tried to scream, but with his mouth full of liquor he only produced a choking gurgle that nobody understood. A minute later he was glad of that,

because his arms were beginning to straighten out. Kelsey hadn't done anything to him; his broad face showed the much sympathetic concern.

The pink face of the company doctor came into view. "You've had a nasty whack, boy, but you're going to be all right. He came for worry. You've got a good thick skull."

A little later the doctor left. Whiskey, the foreman, sent the other man back to their job. Only Ben Kelsey and the foreman remained in the room with Fannin.

"It was the drill press," Dunn was explaining. "We should have pulled it out of here when we tore down the last job, before we started on those supercharger parts. It's a freak anyway, with that engine mounted over. What happened, the bolt came loose that was holding the arm up out of the way. Whiskey must've done it. The thing caught you square across the head."

Ben Kelsey smiled wryly at Fannin. "Lesky thing I wasn't supposed to start work today. You got good solid bone there to take the wallop. But me, with a knotted groove in my skull—"

Fannin felt the odd twit in his stomach then. It stared with strange intentness at the returning soldier. "When you starting, Ben?"

The uniformed plant policeman came in, interrupting the talk. He handed a sheet of ruled paper to Whiskey Dunn. "Gives you cover if Whiskey, except for the time the thing happened."

"OK," Dunn said, and took a pencil and jotted it down.

Fannin started to correct him. He caught himself in time and asked a question instead. "How come you know it happened at 1:30?"

"Keep. We know the speed of the

Just a thought! There is enough water in Greenland's picture and sea-level to raise the ocean levels of the Northern Hemisphere sufficiently to flood all low-lying cities. These include London, New York and Amsterdam. In the event of a sudden speed-up in the rate of "welt" subtilities of these human loves would have to build defenses against the onslaught of the sea or else move to higher ground. Science-fictionists, please make a suitable note!

loops. How easily he could avoid that unpleasant show-down with her husband.

At Schubert's he had too quick shots of eye to quench the foolish jitters churning within him. The idea of murder was something he'd never contemplated before.

Only it wouldn't be murder, he told himself. Not by any means. Master was something you associated with tabloid newspaper, with finger-pointed guns, and with palaces the police could break by entering. This was something else again, an accident, pure and simple.

The next day, Wednesday, Ben Kirby started on the night shift. He came in to return Farnon at eight o'clock. Men from other parts of the building started dropping in almost immediately to say hello and wish him luck on the job, so Farnon did a quick retreat. The well-wishers would complicate things. Tomorrow night at the one following would be even rougher.

Thursday morning at eleven Farnon was given leave of any kind to postpone the thing further. He was at Schubert's having breakfast and getting his lunch box made up, when Edson Kirby came in. His yellow hair was uncombed and his lipstick was uncracked, as though she'd applied it in a hurry.

"Let's sit in a booth," she whispered.

Farnon left the counter, frowning. He guided her to the furthest booth in the corner. "What's up, Edgy?"

"I'm scared, Earl. We have this meeting and we're up to ask about the war bonds and the postage account. It was still early, because he doesn't get home till almost five and—"

Farnon didn't like the drift of things. "You what?"

assembly belt. We know it takes a man on that belt exactly ten minutes to leave the place where you're sitting, move through the vest in the wall, and get to the next run on the line. It was 7:45 when the first unit got to him without a value in it. He you must have been lagged exactly ten minutes before. Follow me!"

Farnon clamped her mouth shut, remembering how the clock had rung at 7:30 just before he'd passed out. That had caused by the full minutes, because he had no way of knowing that a dozen turns had been rolled in advance. Five minutes; ample time to be somewhere else and have an eight-side ringed up.

The blood was surging through his sinuous veins when, a few moments later, at 7:50 p.m., he quit as usual and hurried away from Building No. 10, headed for Schubert's place, a block down from the plant, thinking of Edson Kirby and how easily now he could have her for himself, for

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The Hugged Life Deciding that she'd rather not have anything to do with meat or other solid food, Mrs. Takao Fujimori, of Tokyo, has lived for 20 years on a diet of sulphur and coffee. Unpublished Lawrence Johnson, of Chester, Pennsylvania, accepted a dare, promptly swallowed a live 16 lb bird-shelled crab. Whereupon, Father Sandra Dunn, of India, absorbed a fatal of iron nails washed down by sulphuric acid.

"I tried to get him off, said I was sleepy. He wouldn't have it. Said he'd been talking to somebody at the plant about wives who weren't serving the money sent back from overseas. How they were spending it, and running around with other men."

"So he made me go get the box I used to keep the bonds in, and the passbook for the savings account. It—it was awful, Ruth. The way he didn't say anything for a long time afterward, the way he just went on the big chair by the window and not smoking one cigarette after another while it was getting light outside."

There was an uncomfortable silence in Fasson's chest. "He didn't mention my name?"

"Not exactly, but I think he's got an idea. I wish back to bed, but I couldn't sleep except for a few minutes at a time. Once when I opened my eyes he was standing over me,

He asked if I'd been running around with one of the boys at the plant. I said no, and he told me not to lie. He said he'd find out sooner or later if it was true."

Already, Yannin swung from the tooth, feeling cold hands. Kibey was catching on too fast. "Gotta be getting to work," he said thickly. "See you later."

He dropped past his roses for the pair of sunglasses gloom had brought last winter. At the plant, in a savage bit behind the leather room, he found a six-inch length of lead pipe. He put it in his lunch box. Then he checked in at Building Six to prevent cut the longest day of his life.

Ben Kibey relieved him promptly at 8:00, for which he was grateful. He left in a hurry, purposefully forgetting the lunch box. Outside, the dampening blue haze of dust was settling over the factory grounds. He went to the outer gate and chatted a while with the plain policeman there, until he saw Whitley Dunn making his final round of the buildings. This was the moment he'd been waiting for.

"Hey, Whitley!" he called, and ran back to meet him in front of Building Six. "Slow's about a hour?"

Dunn looked at him quizzically. "Little late for you to be around, isn't it, Fasson?"

"Yeah. Started home and then had to come back. Forgot my lunch box. What time is it, anyway?"

Whitley Dunn pulled out his watch and looked down his nose at it. "Eight fifteen. Time I was getting out of here myself."

"Wait a minute for me," Fasson said. "I'll buy you a beer."

"Just one," the foreman said. "But you'll have to hurry."

Fasson didn't need to be told to hurry. His heart was thumping at

# Digest of DIGESTS



Guinea-pigs of the strengthens  
That false teeth photos  
The cause of mole impotence



King of the Choppers  
Secrets of a make-up man  
String-pulling in fairyland



Fisherman on Ice  
Why box for a living?  
Fire-walkers of Fiji



Love from a Sailor  
The worst mistake a wife can make  
Fathers that feel Afraidness



Planet of Mystery  
What is this Gormour?  
Cue of the bloodstained card

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he entered the narrow room and closed the door close behind him. "Forget something?" he explained to Kelsey. "Had to come back."

Kelsey nodded over his shoulder, intent on his work. Faxon sat on a pair of paper gloves he'd bought. "See, I tried a new way of dance that today. It works fine. Let me show you."

Before the other could answer, Faxon had accepted a handful of valves from the bin and was screwing them onto the current, walking back along the belt at top speed. When Kelsey finished twelve of them he stopped under the bench and took the length of pipe from the lunch box.

Kelsey never had a chance to realize what was happening. A strangling grip died on his larynx. He stopped.

Faxon replaced the pipe in the lunch box. Quickly, he loosened the bolt that held the arm of the drill press in place. He let it fall, then moved Kelsey so his head was rolling against it. He snuffed the gloves in his pocket, picked up the lunch box, and went out to meet Whistley Dunn.

The Naval Observatory clock at

Schultz's said 4.20 when they got there. Dunn performed his usual ritual of checking his watch by it, which served Faxon the trouble of calling the time to his attention. Faxon was in the clear now. At this precise moment, the last of the solved murders was swishing past Kelsey's nose body. The police could sweep the place all they wanted to, but they'd have to conclude Kelsey had been alive until 4.20.

It was eleven minutes later that the alarm bell started clanging down at the plant. Whistley Dunn shoved away from the bar and headed out the door on the run. Faxon sprang after him and, at the first sharp of bullet he passed, discarded the lunch box.

Inside the grounds, he made the appropriate exaggerations of shock while a plant policeman who described the accident to Dunn. A wave of exhaustion swept over him when he heard the time of the tragedy being added as 4.30.

Whistley Dunn turned a grid-stretcher face to him. "It was my fault, Earl! If I'd had that drill press moved out—"

"Something will happen—" Faxon told him, self-righteously.

Dunn had turned gray, and was swaying unsteadily across the ground.

Vans were being raced now, somewhere around Building Six. Faxon moved toward it. Whistley Dunn came out to meet him, looked by two plant policemen. Dunn's eyes were blazing with controlled fury. His voice was harsh. "There's your man!"

Faxon's jaw sagged. "Now wait a minute, Whistley!"

Powerful hands dug into his shoulders. Dunn was lifting again, bring the words off short. "You've made arrest for the murder of Ben Kelsey. You had a motive. You'd been away with his wife—"

"Whistley, come, Dunn! You said yourself that it happened at 4.20. And we were having beers down at Schultz's at that very moment. It won't work, Whistley—"

"I looked like I.E. was the right time of day," Dunn grumbled, "because the first revolver barrel came through at 4.20, ten minutes later. That was undoubtedly the way you planned it, Faxon, only there were no differences between your assassin and Kelsey's that you ever looked."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Your hand was armed and loaded, so you only got a lump. Kelsey's head had been crushed by shotgun, recovered an fightin' to a pin like you could live in a free country. He'd died before. He died when you stopped him, Faxon. The blood is what's come to get the mess around your neck. Because it started dripping on the assassin with the minute you hit him. It died the time of his death at 4.20."

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# Talking Points

## THE SILENT TERROR . . .

According to top-ranking U.S. scientists, new weapons are threatening the A-Bombs and providing a further cause for mankind. In his article, "How Terror Is Total War," Mark Hope outlines some of the details that have precipitated the areas of high-tech strategy. All facts in the article have been drawn from authoritative sources and have been double-checked.

## GO TO SLEEP . . .

Hypnotism is a fascinating study and has provided the background for some spectacular medical tests . . . as well as some very bizarre stage acts. But all hypnotists are not what they seem to be and some experiments can prove a real disaster. For some of the traps which these enthusiasts provide for the unwary, read Dr. David Fahey's "Horrors of Amateur Hypnotism." Dr. Fahey is a practicing neuro-psychiatrist in Broken Hill, New South Wales (U.S.). He is also the author of the books, "Horrors From Servants' Torment" and "The Your Best Self."

## SWIMMING SECTION . . .

When she finds at your feet, don't turn over her. Read Juliet Peller's "What Makes You Fart?" and realize that not only humans, but bears, as well, are apt to burp . . . and when they do it often, no laughing matter. So drop that pig

of an-water and learn what you really should do. You'll find the advice valuable.

## MISTRESS KATH KING . . .

This month CAVALCADE is proud to present to you Kath King . . . a wondrous wealth of many parts (so you will be able to act for yourselves). You'll find that Kath has more than ordinary woman's ability for running into trouble . . . and is also even better than most in coping with it when it arrives. You'll be hearing more of her in the future, so make her acquaintance now. Kath, by the way, has a distinguished ancestry. As a matter of fact, she's the brain-child of Sydney Colquhoun, who will need no introduction to readers of syndicated "who-is-who's." The artist who did and drew Colquhoun is Phil Dulben.

## FACTORY LINE . . .

Fascinators . . . and especially the company of who (or how) "man-in" have arranged their members in many magazines and periodicals manner and many of these ladies have been, to say the least, exotic. This month, however, CAVALCADE presents another in the fascinating surroundings of a mass-production factory. To say that the method was ingenious would be an understatement . . . which only goes to prove that no place on earth is exactly what you'd expect it to be.



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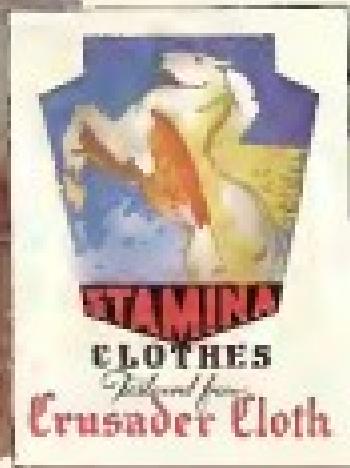
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